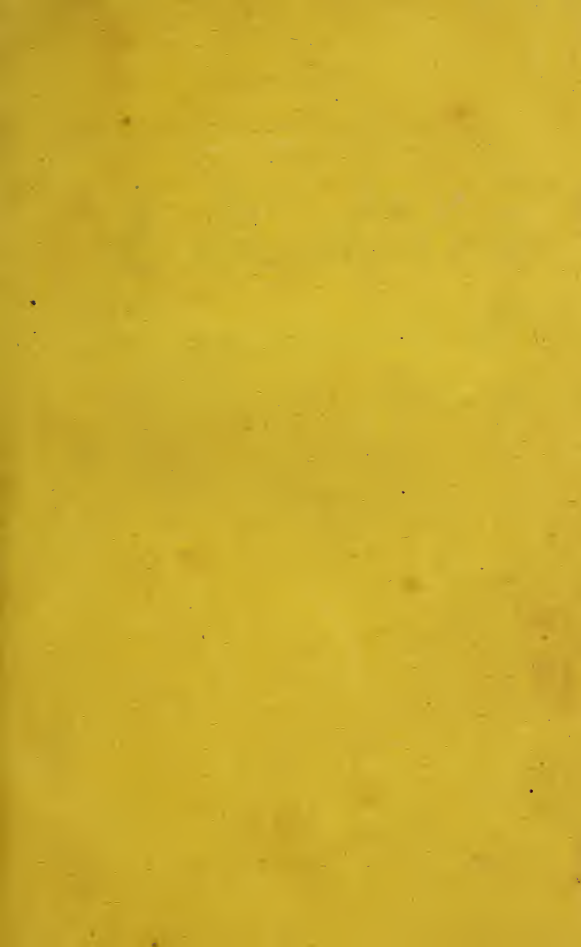


BX 7260
.C794A34







J. H. Wilch

Presented by the
Author

Wm. H. Miller

Secretary of the
Board of Trustees

GRACE VICTORIOUS;

OR,

THE MEMOIR OF

HELEN M. COWLES.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"



OBERLIN:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. M. FITCH.

1856.

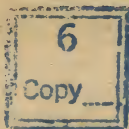
BX 7260

.C 794A34

Entered according to Act of Congress, by

REV. HENRY COWLES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.



57577

1977

B 131 14/28

PREFACE.

THIS brief Memoir is presented to our Christian friends and to the public, only because it is thought to be adapted to do good.

The subject of it is mainly her own biographer, the volume being compiled chiefly from her journal and private correspondence. We have no reason to suppose it ever entered her mind that her journal would be read by others, or that her letters would go beyond a very narrow circle of personal friends. Hence they are the free utterances of her heart, and all the more truthfully reveal her character.

The compiler, (her second mother,) has aimed to make this memoir a fair exhibit of Helen's real character, and of the fruits of divine grace in its transformation. It might have embraced only what would be called her religious experiences, and so have been much shorter; but it would also have been less life-like, and in many respects, less really valuable.

This memoir borrows no interest from extraordinary and thrilling incidents; and pre-eminently,

none from fiction. It is simply real life in the humble walks of a daughter, a pupil, a teacher; a youth reared in Oberlin, molded under its influences, moving amid its scenes, dying in the bosom of its Christian sympathies. If this narrative has any power to interest and benefit the reader, we think it will be due to its simplicity, its truthful revealings of character, its testimony to God's faithfulness to his covenant with Christian parents, and as an illustration of the riches and power of his sanctifying grace.

To her parents and near relatives still living, it would have been far more pleasant if this memoir could have been equally truthful and instructive, *without* bringing before the public much if any of their own history as a family. It is due to them to say that, intent only on revealing her character as transformed by grace, for the sake of its testimony to the gospel, they did not at first foresee how much the record of her life must of necessity reveal the family of which she was a member;—otherwise the memoir would have remained unpublished. Even after the compilation was finished, the question of striking out and modifying these allusions to the living, was seriously agitated, and finally decided in the negative only in deference to the opinions of judicious friends.

That this brief memoir of a daughter, long the subject of our parental solitudes, love, prayer and joy, may be a blessing to many, is the hope and prayer of

HER SURVIVING PARENTS.

OBERLIN, JUNE, 1856.

INTRODUCTION.

I have had the privilege of listening to the reading of nearly the whole of this to me very interesting Memoir of an interesting young lady. It is perhaps impossible for one who has enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the subject of it, to judge how, exactly, it will strike strangers. But I cannot doubt that it is destined to be perused by many, young and old, with much interest and with much spiritual profit. The emotions it has excited in my own bosom have been too deep and strong to be ascribed chiefly to my personal interest in the beloved child of even highly esteemed friends and fellow-laborers of many years' standing.

The compiler and author bore to the subject the too often ill-starred relation of step-mother. It was impossible to compile the Memoir at all, without sacrificing much of its interesting and instructive character, if she did not introduce frequent references to her own relations to the departed one, the course she pursued in training her mind and heart, and the way in which the strong-willed child that received her new mother with repugnance,

was won to love her, and how step-sisters who met with mutual dislike came to be the most endeared of friends. The compiler's instinctive delicacy shrank from seeming self-laudation, and prompted her to ask counsel of friends. I cannot doubt that the Memoir ought to go to the Christian public as it is, and that the very things which raise the natural doubts of the compiler, constitute one of the chief merits of the book. Many a step-mother, ungraciously regarded by the children from whom she longs to receive a filial affection, weighed down with discouragement and despondency, will in perusing this little volume, feel her spirits revived and her faith in God strengthened, and will be led to gird herself anew for her work. Many step-children will here learn lessons which will bless their minority and prepare them for a holy and happy maturity.

It has been one object of the compiler to let it be seen how a true young Christian acts amid the every day details of life; and hence the book is not a mere collection or selection of supposed gems, in incident or writing; but in it the youthful Christian heart is laid bare in all sorts of circumstances. I think many a young heart will here see what a grace, a nobleness, a felicity, true religion imparts to the blooming years of early life; how superior the walk with God in the everlasting

way is to the highest walk in the spirit of this world. And this great idea is instructively illustrated in the occasional declensions of Helen in contrast with her faith and love unfaltering. Helen in unbelief, wandering from her Savior, was indeed a very different being from the same Helen *in* Christ in life and in death.

May God give this unpretending volume a wide circulation, going forth as it does baptised with the prayers and tears of parents whose happiness it was to enjoy such a daughter for a season, and then to see her step so evidently from their house and her beloved earthly home into the more glorious house of her Heavenly Father.

JOHN MORGAN,
Prof. Bib. Lit., Oberlin College.

GRACE VICTORIOUS;

OR,

LIFE OF HELEN M. COWLES.

CHAPTER I.

HELEN MARIA COWLES was the eldest child of Rev. Henry Cowles, a native of Colebrook, Conn., a graduate of Yale College, and at the time of her birth, pastor of a Congregational Church in Austinburg, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. Her mother, Mrs. Alice W. Cowles was also of New England origin—the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Welch of Norfolk, Conn.

Helen was born Aug. 10, 1831. From her earliest infancy she was consecrated to God and considered by her parents as entirely his, and only lent them for a season to rear and initiate into his service. With the mother particularly, this was an all-absorbing study,—“How shall we order the child?”

With regard to her baptism, we find recorded in her mother's diary, "I felt an *assurance* of Helen's salvation from sin and ruin," and again under another date, but while H. was still in her infancy, we read, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee;"—"In this promise will I confide. Dear Savior, I now renew the dedication of this my first-born to Thee. I trust thee to arrange the circumstances of her future life so that she will early be brought nigh unto thee, and serve thee faithfully through time and through eternity. I would ask nothing else for her. Help me, or any one else who may influence her mind, to bend all our exertions to this one point. I would give her plain food that she may retain her vigorous constitution and be able to endure hardness as a good soldier, and plain dress that she may not cherish pride and vanity, so hostile to the spirit of her Master. I would guard against speaking of the beauty of her attire, but make cleanliness, warmth and comfort constitute their excellence. Thus, in every thing, while life lasts, would I have in view my vows in regard to her. Give me more light, O! thou Father of light. In thy providence direct to the right

sources for information upon this momentous subject."

Helen gave early promise of an active and intelligent mind, but a strong and determined will, which caused her parents much solicitude, and led them to apply continually to the Source of all wisdom. Many little incidents noted in her mother's diary, show that her wisdom and patience were often severely taxed. Disobedience was one of her earliest faults. The first instance mentioned was when she was old enough to talk. She came into the room and, in imitation of the housemaid, threw back the corners of the carpet and began to pour down water and wash the floor. Her mother observed her, but said nothing until she began to pour water behind the cupboard, when she told her earnestly to *pour no more water there*. The child persisted, but was told again decidedly to *stop*. She continued to pour the water, but looked around at her mother and said, "I will be naughty now and then go in the bedroom," alluding to that form of punishment for naughtiness. By this time she had poured out all the water and was on her way to the bedroom, where she staid but a short time. When

she came out her mother told her she had been a very naughty girl and ought to be confined longer. She immediately returned, saying, "I will pray to the Lord;" and immediately knelt down and said, "O Lord, take care of me now. I am a naughty girl and poured water, and would not obey, but poured more, more, more."

Again and again a spirit of disobedience was still more manifest, and in regard to it her mother wrote thus; "Helen will surely get the reins out of my hands unless judicious and persevering efforts are used. It is evident she is struggling for it." By and by, from being frank and open-hearted, she became sly, and by degrees, deceptive, and at length untruthful. This latter fault was most promptly, and, it is believed, successfully met, with instruction, warning, and correction.

CHAPTER II.

HELEN's developments of character were by no means all of this stamp. She was remarkably intelligent for her years, and generally pleasant and amiable. She seemed, too, at a very early age, to be seriously impressed with gospel truth. She was encouraged always to express her wants to God in her own language, fully and freely. This, she early accustomed herself to do, and specimens of her simplicity and earnestness were sometimes listened to, and preserved, by her mother. The following are fair samples of them. "O, may I not leave a single sin out, but may I put them *all* away this very minute." Upon another occasion—"O Lord, do take care of me, if I *hav'nt* prayed in a good while." Once, in the absence of her father, when she was about six years old, she prayed thus; "O Lord, do hear us now, as we pray for dear pa, who has gone to do good for thee, I hope. O bless

him, and may he love and serve thee, and if Satan comes to him, may he fight him and hold on to thee. And O! if Mr. W. or L. preach to-night may they do much good, and may all become Christians so that this may be a happy world. May we study thy book through and through, and through again. And now as I am the oldest, may I set a good example before my brothers; and do bless them and not let them grow wicked and get into jail, and do help M. to be a Christian and pour out thy Spirit upon her."

In the autumn of 1835 when she was four years old, her father accepted a call to a Professorship in the Literary Institution recently established at Oberlin, Lorain Co., Ohio, in consequence of which he removed thither with his family in the month of September.

In the following spring, Mrs. Cowles was appointed Principal of the Female Department of that Institution, which situation she held for more than four years. During this time, with the sole care of from sixty to one hundred young ladies resting upon her, her children were necessarily much under the care and di-

rection of others. The most pious and judicious among the young ladies were selected to aid her in this department, but no one could supply to her the lack of a mother's presence and influence.

Helen was at a very impressible age, was quite a pet among the ladies, and a frequent visitor at their rooms. But the effect of these circumstances upon her was decidedly unfavorable. She acquired an almost insatiable curiosity and love of excitement, as well as an impatience of contradiction. Her naturally strong will acquired greater strength, and a habit of fretfulness and impatience was firmly woven into the texture of her character.

These evils were noticed with sorrow by her parents, and made a subject of special prayer, while at the same time they improved diligently what opportunities they could command, with efforts to counteract them. There were times when the counsel and example of the parents seemed to predominate, and hopes were entertained that these evils would be but temporary. Upon one of these occasions, in the absence of the father, the mother wrote him

thus. "And is it really so? Helen, for more than a day, has been one of the best little girls we often see. When she awoke she said to me—'Let us pray, Ma, before we get up.'—She says, 'The worst thing, I believe, that I do, is, fretting when they dress me in the morning.' In the course of the day she said to me, "O Ma, I felt so troubled last night, I could not sleep; and then I thought how Christ would have me do, and I just left myself with him." Who can doubt but what the Holy Spirit is giving her light? Let it be our prayer and expectation that he will cause her to love the light."

CHAPTER III.

AT length, however, Mrs. Cowles' health beginning to give way under the pressure of her accumulated burdens, and the habits and characters of her children suffering for the want of her moulding and guiding hand, the idea she had for some time cherished, of resigning her situation, ripened into a conviction of duty, and accordingly, in the autumn of 1840, she tendered to the Trustees her resignation, and retired to the quiet and privacy of domestic life. She had at that time five children: three daughters and two sons, and to their welfare and happiness she thenceforward devoted herself, with untiring zeal and energy.

Helen was now progressing rapidly in her education. Not indeed in the elementary branches of school learning, for she had little relish for schools or study, but in knowledge of the human mind and manners, of facts and principles, obtained by reading, and by close and critical observation. She was by no means

a good reader in the common acceptation of the term, but she read with great facility and understood what she read. A list of the books she remembered to have read before the age of twelve, made out by herself and found among her papers after her death, shows an amount of reading which is truly surprising. Some were excellent books, provided for her by her parents, or given or lent her by other friends, and some were books of at least questionable utility, and a few of decidedly injurious tendency, procured without the knowledge of her parents. But they were all leaving their impress on her character.

Her habits of observation were remarkable. Nothing which passed under her eye or within her hearing escaped her notice; and when not shut away in her room with a book, she was usually somewhere listening eagerly to the conversation of older persons. Indeed, in after life she mentioned, as one of the trials of her childhood, the fact that she could not be, at the same time, in her father's study, her mother's nursery, and among the other members of the household, and listen to what they

were all saying and observe what they were all doing.

She was not gay and light-hearted enough to enjoy the sports of childhood, and her love of neatness and horror of dirt were so great that, to use her own words, she dared not play with other children out of doors for fear of soiling her clothes. She was inclined to be restless and uneasy, and seldom appeared quite happy. She loved but few out of her own father's family, and often remarked that she believed no one loved *her* but her parents.

Occasionally her attention was called up to the subject of religion, but it was each time deferred, and her dislike to it was evidently increasing. Many persons besides her parents felt deeply interested in her salvation and longed to see her *early* brought into the fold of Christ. By some of them the subject was often urged upon her attention ; but her aversion to it was great, and sometimes strongly expressed.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME passed on. One more little brother was added to the family group, but the mother's health drooped yet more and more. In the summer and fall of 1843, the youngest daughter, then in her fourth year, was very ill, and for many weeks looked upon as past hope; but though she eventually recovered, yet, while watching over her sick couch, the mother was attacked with bleeding at the lungs; an event which excited in her friends the greatest solicitude and alarm.

Her anxious husband procured the best possible medical aid, in the hope of warding off disease; had her nursed with the most assiduous care, and summoned to her bedside her eldest brother, a skilful physician from New England, whose presence was a great solace to her during the weary hours of sickness, though, as far as her precious life and health were concerned, all was in vain. Her days were numbered, and, on the fourteenth day of

October, 1843, having committed her afflicted husband and children into the hands of her covenant-keeping God, she closed her eyes upon earthly scenes, in the fortieth year of her age.

In the brief published sketch of her last consecration of her dear ones to Jesus, it was said—"Her children she had desired to give to Jesus, but felt physically too weak for the mental effort. Then Jesus came to her, seeming to say—'Now bring your children forward, one, another, another, all, *all*, I take them all;—would take them if there were a hundred.' So she left them with Jesus."

The bereaved father, under these severe chastisements and heavy responsibilities, sought earnestly for divine aid and guidance, and very early saw and felt, in the case of his little motherless ones, if not in his own, the need of one who should have the heart and the ability to bind together his shattered family, and supply the place of her who had been the light, the joy, and the comfort of his household. Accordingly, early in the subsequent year, he made choice of a resident of the place, one who had been an intimate friend of his wife, was acquainted with and interested in her fam-

ily, had had experience as a wife and mother, and who, after a series of afflictive bereavements, was, like him, endeavoring *alone* to train and mould immortal minds.

Her children were four in number, three sons and a daughter. The eldest, eighteen, a member of the Sophomore Class in College, the daughter a little more than fourteen, about a year and a half older than Helen. The two youngest were aged nine and seven.

To this union Helen was much opposed, and expressed herself to some of her acquaintances in strong terms. The daughter she was determined to dislike, and, for a time, it seemed impossible to prevent this dislike from being mutual and permanent. After weighing the matter carefully, the new mother decided to have them occupy the same room, though Helen demurred and Josephine implored. She however, was satisfied from her knowledge of their characters, that their minds might eventually be made to harmonize, and that the surest way to secure that end was to place them in the same room, and upon an equality in every thing. And here we must be allowed to digress in order to say that, before one year

had elapsed, the hearty thanks of both were tendered the mother for her perseverance and faithfulness in carrying out that measure which, though at first so trying to both, had soon proved a source of happiness to them.

CHAPTER V.

For some time, Helen was mostly absent, in compliance with the invitation of friends who were anxious to induce in her a better state of mind; but, after a few months, when she came home to remain permanently, the work of remoulding her character was entered upon with cheerfulness and hope. Her health had, for some time, been rather delicate, and her nervous system much disordered; but, a little attention to her diet, with perfect regularity in her habits, soon restored her health, and with it, an increased degree of cheerfulness.

Her school education having been greatly neglected, all laudable motives were presented to induce her to take an interest in her studies. In this matter, as in many others, the example and influence of her step-sister were invaluable. However, as she afterwards remarked, the strongest motive then was, the feeling that her father would be disgraced by having a daughter nearly fourteen years old, ignorant of the

most simple rudiments of an English education. But whatever were her motives, she set herself resolutely and successfully to the acquisition of the common branches of school learning.

By degrees, she began to make a confident of her mother, and, among other things, spoke of "*loving no one*," said she believed she "had never *really loved* even her own mother;" that though she sometimes felt as though she loved her little brothers and sisters, yet she loved herself far better; that she had few if any real friends; said she had been told by one whom she highly respected, that nobody loved her except for her parent's sake.

Her mother sympathised with her, but assured her she was mistaken in some of the facts; that she had many real friends who loved her for her own sake, and many more who would do so if they might, but that they were repelled by her coldness and apparent indifference to them; that love in her heart needed cultivation; that though the soil was hard, it might be mellowed; and advised her to try the experiment of meeting all her classmates, acquaintances and neighbors, with an open, un-

clouded brow, and a cordial look of recognition, and watch the effect upon herself and others. She at first objected, saying it would be mere hypocrisy in her; but her mother assured her that this kind of treatment was no more than their just due, but that the principal object now sought was its reflex influence upon herself. She at length consented, and her mother watched the process with some solicitude and much hope.

It was indeed a matter of interest, as ladies of the place called from day to day, some of them very dear friends of her own mother, to observe the cordial welcome given them by Helen, her readiness to wait upon them, and her manifested interest in them and their families, and to notice their evident surprise at the change.

In the course of two or three weeks she expressed to her mother her wonder at the change she perceived in her own feelings. She said that at first she had to manufacture an appearance of cordiality for each particular occasion; but that now she was not under this necessity, but felt real genuine good feeling and love spring up in her heart. They looked at

and spoke to her, she said, so pleasantly and affectionately that she was sure the difference could not be all on her side.

And this state of things became permanent. She grew more cheerful, open-hearted and confiding. From being haughty, cold and misanthropic, she gradually became affable and affectionate. True, she was naturally exclusive in her attachments, but this tendency became greatly modified. A strong and lasting attachment sprung up between her and her step-sister, who, being the eldest and naturally of a strong and vigorous mind, exerted a powerful though silent influence in the formation of her tastes, habits and principles.

All this time she was making commendable and rather remarkable progress in her studies, had finished the elementary branches, and entered upon the Ladies' Course.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING one or two very interesting revivals in the place, Helen's mind was deeply impressed with a sense of her guilt in neglecting and virtually refusing the offers of salvation so freely made in the gospel, while all the older and some of the younger members of the family had accepted these offers before her. Her case was made a subject of constant and earnest prayer, by her parents and other members of the family.

She possessed great clearness of views, and understood the workings of her own mind remarkably well. But with some things she was greatly puzzled. "How can these things be?" she would say. "If God holds me responsible for continuing in sin, when he has given me the offer of salvation, it must be that he expects me to be *voluntary* in my *choice*; but how can I choose holiness instead of sin? How can I love that which I hate? It is impossible. I wish the Lord would *make* me a

Christian and done with it. I don't love religion, and I don't see how I can. If I have got to love God *voluntarily*, there is no hope for me."

Thus she reasoned and thus was perplexed, during a precious revival in the winter of 1845-6, though her father's counsels and instructions were unremitted.

One Sabbath, near the close of the winter, a sermon was preached by Prof. Finney, from these words: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Helen came home from church unusually thoughtful and solemn. After tea, when the family assembled for a social prayer-meeting, as was their custom, and each one was invited to speak a few words or pray, as they felt inclined, a great spirit of pleading for Helen was manifest among the praying ones, after which she calmly remarked to her father, "I feel as though with me the harvest was indeed past, the summer ended, and I not saved." Her father could scarcely answer; his heart was too full, and the family separated silently.

The sisters went to their room, accompanied

by J.'s cousin, Minerva, an amiable and interesting young convert, residing in the family. Soon they all fell upon their knees and commenced praying again, in which exercise they continued a long time, J. and M. alternating, until, as J. expressed it, she felt as though she could never stop pleading until Helen was converted. By and by, while yet upon their knees, H. broke out in prayer herself; and it seemed there would be no end to her confessions of sin and of her conscious vileness of heart before God! 'They could not imagine her so vile as she then appeared to herself in the presence of that Holy One. "But," said she, "I give up all my wickedness—my will—everything. Do thou govern, and I will obey; lead me and I will follow. Cleanse my heart and take possession of it thyself."

The joy occasioned by this great change quite overcame them all. 'They uttered their thanks in few words, and laid themselves down to rest for the night; but with the dawn of day, J. sprang from her bed, dressed, and rushed down stairs, and finding her father kindling a fire, exclaimed, "Father, Helen has given her heart to the Lord." "Do you believe it?"

he asked with the utmost eagerness. "To be sure I do," said she, and hastened to her mother's room exclaiming as before. "Helen has given her heart to the Lord." "Do you believe she has?" asked her mother. "O why do you doubt?" enquired she, with her ardent spirit a little grieved; and away she ran to the room of her older brother, who had not yet risen, and hastily begging and obtaining permission to open his door for a moment, said, "Charles, Helen is a Christian." "Glory to God!" he exclaimed, as he sprang from his pillow.

J. retreated, and soon H. entered her mother's room with her usual salutation. "Well, Helen," her mother said, "I hear good news from you; I learn that you have become a Christian." "Well," said she, very considerably, "I hav n't thought about that; *one* thing I know, I have given up my will to God." And this fact became more and more apparent, and with it appeared many other evidences of a saving change, abundantly cheering and satisfactory. Indeed, all the graces of the Spirit seemed to develop themselves naturally and harmoniously in her character.

A few weeks afterward, when assisting in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, as the father looked upon four of the members of his family, (the fruit of his prayers and labors, under God,) standing with fifty or sixty others in the church aisles to profess their faith in Christ, and allegiance to him, he was nearly overpowered with emotions of gratitude and praise; and were it not for one or two of his younger children still out of Christ, he would have been ready to adopt the language of good old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The four alluded to were Helen, her brother H., and step-brother B., both converted in early childhood, and Minerva P. Dayton, the young lady before referred to, who had been brought to Christ soon after she came into the family.

CHAPTER VII.

For a year or more Helen seemed to grow in grace, in knowledge and in favor with God and man. A beautiful serenity was diffused through her spirit, and manifested itself at home and abroad. She enjoyed life as she never had before. She grew exceedingly fond of society; but *this* eventually proved a snare to her feet. By degrees, she let down her watch, became less prayerful, more pleased with the society of the gay and thoughtless, and more and more assimilated to them.

We have no testimony to this effect from her own pen, until near the close of 1847. It is believed that she kept a diary previous to this time, but if so, it was destroyed.

After this time we find occasional record made of passing events and states of mind, which by degrees becomes much more copious. In these journals, interspersed with notices of books read, calls made and received, recitations

and compositions, we find expressions of feeling, sentiment and thought, which reveal her inner life and character, and show the influence of passing scenes in their development. Drawing from this journal and from letters to her friends whatever may serve to illustrate her real life, we allow her to write mostly her own memoirs, and in her own style of artless simplicity. The earliest record we have been able to obtain, is the following:

LETTER TO HER GRANDMOTHER WELCH.

OBERLIN, May 4, 1847.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER—

I hardly know how to address you, it has been so long since we have heard from you, directly or indirectly. Though I am little acquainted with my deceased mother's friends, yet I love them, and have no doubt they will be glad to hear from me. My deficiency in writing and composition has been my reason for not addressing you before. When thinking of my dear mother, I can see many ways in which I might have done more to please, and less to grieve her affectionate heart. I well remember my surprise on learning that

you were not her own mother; but she assured me that she *felt* toward you as toward an own mother. I think my brothers and sisters will ever feel so toward *our* mother. There could not have been a better mother for us. We all love her. I know, and what is more, I *feel* that I owe her a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to repay.

Our family consists of father, mother, nine children, Miss Dayton, who is mother's niece, and a hired girl. During the winter, on account of Prof. Finney's absence, father had charge of the church, in addition to his duties as editor, and at the beginning of the spring term, when his duties as Professor commenced again, his health failed, and for a few days he was quite sick. But he has now recovered. Mother's cares are very numerous and heavy. Brother Charles and sister Josephine are to graduate next Commencement. J. expects to be a foreign missionary. Mr. Cushman, a graduate of Brown University, Providence, and now a member of the Senior Class in 'Theology, is to be her companion in the enterprise. China will probably be the field of their labors, though it is not fully decided yet.

I am in the second year of the "Ladies' Course," am studying Conic Sections, Christian Instructor, and taking drawing lessons. I wish very much that some of you could be out here next Commencement:

Your afft. grand-daughter, HELEN.

Under date of December 12, 1847, she writes: My heart is in an awful state, and yet I go on from week to week, mostly insensible to my condition, because I will not wake up. O, if I were in a right state of mind, I should rejoice.

Dec. 14. I spend a great deal of time in reading, but presume it would be better for me to read less and write more; but I don't like writing. I wish I could compose easily. I wish my hand-writing was good. I wish I was a good talker. I wish what knowledge I have was better classified and arranged. I wish I was intellectually all that I might be; and last, though not least, that I had the love of God in my heart. I should then feel that I had a place in the world, and was worth something. But none of these do I possess. I enjoy good health as one could wish, and in a certain sense, am thankful for it.

Dec. 18. Mrs. Finney died this morning, about 11 o'clock, after a long illness. The family are greatly afflicted, especially Helen, who has lately buried her husband. I have been thinking—Now Mrs. F. will undoubtedly see my dear sainted mother. Perhaps she was even waiting at heaven's gate to receive her; for they were intimate friends on earth. Four years and more have passed since her death. And what changes!—changes in me for the better, no doubt, but—the one thing needful is again forgotten. But a few days more, and 1848 will dawn upon us. When that year has passed, where shall I be? The coming year is probably the last that dear Josephine will spend with us. O how lonely we shall be!*

Dec. 25. The usual salutation of "Wish you a merry Christmas!" early saluted my ears this morning; and truly it has been such to me. C., J., M., and I, were invited to a Christmas dinner at Mr. W.'s, and had a delightful time.

Jan. 1. "Wish you a happy new year!" echoed and re-echoed through our house this

*Alluding to her intended marriage and departure on a foreign mission.

morning. Yes, 1847, with all its pleasures and all its trials has gone forever. O may I improve the coming year better than the last.

Among Helen's papers, we find a note from her step-sister, J., bearing date Jan. 2, '48, which we subjoin, because it throws light upon her state of mind at that time :

DEAR HELEN —

I have not for some time, as you well know, conversed freely with you about the state of your heart toward God — have not expressed to you the deep solicitude I have felt for your soul's salvation. In conversing with you upon this subject, I seldom feel the freedom which I do with others. It has been unaccountable to myself, and I have wept and prayed over it, and now I take my pen. Perhaps you, too, would feel more freedom if you were to *write* your feelings. I sometimes feel that it is more than I can bear, that my sister — my roommate — should lead the life of a backslider. Think of the vows you took upon you when you entered the church. How have those vows been kept? Did you heartily give your entire self to Christ? I cannot doubt it. But surely,

you have left your first love. I cannot believe you wholly indifferent to the subject. But, Helen, I need not urge the danger of delay. I need not mention the approach of the Cholera. I need not remind you that the commencement of the term is near at hand, and that very soon you will be so engrossed with study that you will plead want of time. I need not tell you *how* to return. You know it all. I can only plead with you to do your duty — to crave forgiveness of your injured Father, and re-consecrate yourself to him. That you may do so, is my daily prayer. Indeed, I do not think a waking hour passes, in which I do not heave a sigh, or lift a silent prayer to God] on your behalf. I would that my eyes were a fountain of tears, if thus I could win you back. But the work must lie between your own soul and God. O Helen! will you not attend to this matter now? Will you not put away pride and worldliness, and humble yourself before God, in the spirit of a true penitent? How can you turn your back upon such a Father, whose love you have once tasted? O Helen! *this must not be!* Do not delay. You know Christ is willing not only to forgive sin, but

also to take up his abode with you. I did not intend to write so much, but my heart is full.

Your loving sister, JOSEPHINE.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL.

JAN. 30, '48. What shall I say? that I am a Christian? a living branch of the true Vine? O that I could! I know that from some cause or other, there is a change in my feelings lately. I know that my heart has been awakened from a state of perfect apathy; and that now I think and pray over the subject. But I do not feel my sin and guilt as I ought, and fear Satan is taking advantage of what little religious feeling I have lately had, to make me believe my soul safe, and thus lead me on towards destruction. I have prayed that I might know myself, that Christ would have mercy on me, a sinner. As far as I know my own heart, I do wish to be a follower of Jesus, and to throw myself at his feet for mercy.

Feb. 22. I have for some time neglected writing in my journal, though much of interest

has transpired meanwhile. To-morrow the term commences, and I am glad the time has come. I do hope I can go on steadfast in the path of duty. I mean in social and school duties. But of how much greater importance it is that I keep my heart right before God! O that I could feel my soul alive within me to spiritual things! I shall make it my aim to *improve*; —to improve in manners, in language, in thought and feeling, in knowledge of human nature, and indeed, in every thing. O for the Spirit of God to direct me! I now think it possible, yes, almost probable, that I shall not go on and finish my course with this class. Some time ago I would not have cherished such a thought for a moment, but now I am taking it into serious consideration. Here I am in my seventeenth year, expecting to graduate from the Ladies' Course one year from next August, and yet so poorly prepared, so ignorant of much that I ought to know, so much of a child — I must not go forward. At the age of thirteen I was a *babe*, and now, three or four years having elapsed, I am expected to be a *woman*. *J.* *was* at my age; but she left babyhood at the right time, came naturally and straight along

through childhood, until she is now what she is. Those who know nothing about this difference, cannot make the necessary allowance, but, judging by my size and the studies I pursue, expect of me more than is meet.

Feb. 24. *I must write more.* Each day I resolve to do so, but defer it. I intend to set apart a specified time in which I will do that and nothing else. I think of so many things I want to do, that I am almost bewildered. New thoughts keep rushing into my mind, and will not be denied admittance, even if I wished it, which I do not. Though they are unbidden guests, they are welcome. I am inclined to think I had better not frequent society much this term. I do intend to be a faithful student, and see how long I can go without a failure in recitation. My plan at present is, not to let any of my class-mates know of my design to stop study at Commencement, and let it come upon them unexpectedly. I should like to try them in this way and see if they care anything about me. I should like then to teach for some time, perhaps in Michigan, with Uncle J., though I would be content with a little district school almost any where, if I may but *teach*.

And so I plan and plan for the future, though I know not what is before me.

March 30. Have been out with several class-mates and acquaintances, on an excursion which was planned some time ago, and have had a delightful time. I think H. is of a very sad disposition; never seems to feel any of that exhilaration of spirits which is so pleasant and so useful;—useful, because it so enlivens the whole being. We all admire his clear-sightedness and correctness in everything. He certainly has little love for society, and little power of adapting himself to circumstances. I should like to have him under the influence of our family awhile. I think we have at our house just about the right amount of life, cheerfulness, and joy. *This is my opinion.*

April 19. I think every day about my plans for the autumn. Attend lectures on Moral Philosophy with this in view. So, in almost everything, I am endeavoring to prepare myself for teaching. My heart will become pretty well set upon it by that time, unless I am very careful. Often I picture to myself my absence from home, my school-room and pupils, my letters from home, &c., &c.

April 20. We received a letter from Mr. Cushman to-night.* He writes, "Perhaps I shall start for the United States, by the 20th of May." He has not had a letter from the States since he has been there. It seems very strange, when so many have been written. He feels sadly about it, and we all sympathize with him. I think he will be here as soon as possible. Then they will be married and return to that country. But how shall I bear Josephine's absence?

April 25. Accepted an invitation to-day to visit S. P., and had a profitable time. She is my true friend. She kindly warned me against pride, which she thought I might be tempted to by flattery. She also talked about the fickleness of some who professed ardent friendship for me. I feel grateful for her kindness. I know I am proud; I know flattery affects me. O that my heart were wholly Christ's; then might I look to him and be safe.

April 30. Sabbath. A beautiful morning. As I sit by my window, the breeze just stirs the foliage of the trees; the air is loaded with

*Then absent on an exploring tour in the Island of Hayti.

the fragrance of the cherry and pear blossoms near me; the sun shines brightly; a few fleecy clouds lie against the bosom of the clear sky, so thin that we can see through them to the blue dome beyond, and the merry birds are singing their sweetest songs of praise to that God who created and reigns over all; and soon the bell will summon us to his sanctuary. O that I had a heart to it! One year from this 30th of April, where shall I be? among the living, or among the dead? in Oberlin, at my home, or absent among strangers? If I only had Christ to lean upon, how happy I should be!

June 4. How the weeks fly! Can it be June? Wish we could hear again from Mr. Cushman;—dread to have him return to this country, because we must then soon bid J. farewell. O how lonely we shall be!

8. Had a good talk with J. about matters and things. It is finally settled, that when Mr. C. and J. leave, mother will accompany them to New York. I am glad indeed. It will be so pleasant for them both.

18. Sabbath. Father has gone to preach at Amherst, and J. has gone with him. I am

led to look at myself. O my condition! What will become of me? The lowest hell is too good for me. Sometimes I almost wish every friend would forsake me; then perhaps I might feel my dependence on God.

21. Received a letter to-day from Cousin Alice, now Mrs. Knox, inviting me to spend next winter with her in Rome, N. Y., where her husband is preaching. Had quite a talk with mother about it this evening.

23. J. has to-day received a letter from Mr. C. He is to be here the first week in July. I have just been appointed by the Ladies' Literary Society, to read an essay at their annual meeting in August. What a ridiculous blunder it was in them to appoint me!

July 1. Mr. Cushman has arrived, and we were indeed glad to see him, and sorry too; for he comes to take from us our dear Josephine. He is in better health than before he went to the West Indies. I do not, can not realize that J. is to leave us so soon.

8. Have answered Cousin Alice's letter to-day. Have not given her a decisive answer, but am inclined to think I shall not go. Uncle

J. has arrived to-day. We were rejoiced to see him. He stayed but a few hours, but will return with his wife in season to attend sister J.'s wedding, which is to be on Thursday, the 20th. O how can I bear it? By not thinking about it at all.

20. A day full of excitement and interest. Josephine is now Mrs. Cushman. Father officiated. Have had a large company, a house full, and all has passed off happily.

24. Mother, Mr. Cushman and Josephine have gone, and father has accompanied them as far as Cleveland. I did not realize that they were indeed all gone, until I came home from Rhetorical Exercises. Aunt R. had been with me all the time, and I had expected her to remain all night; but she has gone another way, and it is lonely indeed. My little sisters will sleep with me to-night. I thought I would not shed a tear, yet here I sit crying. And with cause enough, too;—mother gone, and, as to Josephine, perhaps I shall never see her again; not even father here; how glad I shall be to see him to-morrow. Hope Aunt R. will be with me then. But I must control my feelings.

25. My heart has been in my mouth and tears in my eyes almost all day, though I have done my best to restrain and govern my feelings. All sorts of discouraging thoughts rushed upon me. I however attended to all my usual duties, and kept crowding back the tears.

26. Father arrived home late in the evening; of course I did not see him till morning. He says he saw mother and J. on board the steamboat Baltic, before he left Cleveland, so I presume they are now with their friends in Alden, N. Y. O the desolateness of our house! Looking into the nursery, there, gathered round the stand, sat the six children without a mother. My lessons have come out minus. Many speak sympathizingly to me about the loneliness I must feel now my sister is gone.

Aug. 1. Have written Josephine to-day. Am making some progress in my preparations for the Annual.

4. Have had a real good play with John, which has done me good. Have finished my composition for Monday. Am glad, glad; and should be more so if it were the one for next week Wednesday.

6. Where are mother and J. to-day? One

week from next Wednesday!—and no one to go to for a word of advice about dress or essay. O if it were only finished, and such an one as would satisfy me, I should rejoice. Well, the best I can do is to *try*.

10. Have spent two days in writing. Regret so much time spent upon this article. Read it to father. He said, “very good, indeed.” That was worth a great deal to me. We had a large audience, but I did not read loud enough; could do better another time.

19. Day before yesterday, father went to Cleveland to meet mother, on her return from New York, and both arrived here between seven and eight this morning, having spent the night in Elyria.

25. This morning went down stairs to tell mother some of my adventures in our horse-back ride yesterday, and met her coming to see me, and we had a real good long talk. Have written a letter to J. to-day, and received one from her. I have concluded not to recite this term.

26. Who ever had such a father and mother as I have? I respect and revere them more and more, the longer I live. I know I love them ten-fold better than I used to.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTER TO S. P.

OBERLIN, Sept. 11, 1848.

MY MUCH BELOVED SARAH—

How can I express to you in words, the feelings awakened in my heart by your thrice welcome letter. It would be vain to attempt it; but I can assure you, that letter spoke to my heart. And why? Because, through it came the breathings of a warm heart. It is indeed but a poor return that I can make you. I see and feel the superiority of that heart which is filled with the love of God. I find myself inclined to look for happiness from the persons and things with which I am surrounded, and whenever I meet with disappointment, to say, "I will not be troubled about it," or, "I don't care." But I know, as well as you, that this is a poor, miserable way of living. Were it not for that superior happiness which

I know attends a life of faith in Christ, I should say now, "I am a very happy girl." I have lately discovered a kind of delight in being a little lonely. It seems to me that I miss sister J. more and more. If there is anything in which I am highly interested, especially in reading, it seems to me that she *must* see and read it with me. I had learned to feel that she sympathized with me, was interested in the same things, felt as I did, in short, *understood* me. If I felt sad or troubled, even though I did not speak to her about it, I felt safe. What an uneasiness I used to feel when I did not know where she was. Now, all seems like vacancy.

I had a good deal of anxiety and trial in preparing my essay for the annual of the Literary Society, especially as mother was absent. I read it to father for criticism, and he only said, "I like it very well; be sure and read loud enough." Then I felt quite happy about it. Our class have passed creditably through the examination in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, and Mental Philosophy.

I am now teaching a little school two hours a day, in my chamber, for my brothers and

sisters. You speak of my going to Cincinnati to teach. I have rather intended to teach somewhere this fall, and should love to be near you, but should need to get answers to a good many inquiries before I could take the subject into serious consideration. How soon should I go? What should I teach? In what branches should I be examined? What wages should I receive? Could I board with you? All these questions must be answered, before father and mother can make up their minds at all, and indeed before I can make up my own. Perhaps you did not think of being taken so much in earnest. If that is the case, please say so. Mother is anxious that I should board near the school, and especially that I should not have to walk in snow.

I indeed rejoice that you are so happy, and succeeding so well there. Again, I thank you for your precious letter.

Your affectionate

HELEN.

The month of September appears from her journal, to have been almost entirely given up to the enjoyment of society, and we find little recorded beside visits and calls, made and received. Again she writes—

Oct. 1, 1848, Sabbath. Prof. Finney has preached powerfully all day, seeking out and tearing away the refuges of lies, behind which sinners hide. I have to-day consecrated myself anew to Christ, and do believe I am accepted of him. O that I may have grace, for, of myself, I can not stand. O that all the influences from within and without may be of such a nature as not to hinder the work of grace from being perfected.

Oct. 3. Wrote to J., read some, and attended a meeting of the Moral Reform Society. My friend S. P. is teaching in one of the Union Schools of Cincinnati, and is desirous of having me come and join her; thinks she can procure me a situation. Should love to go, if parents will consent; think it will be a benefit to me in various ways. I wish to see a little more of the world, and wish to *teach* very much indeed.

Helen's parents, after scanning closely the motives which prompted this desire on her part to go and teach in Cincinnati, became convinced that they were mainly two:—First, to increase her facilities for a more general knowledge of

the world, and to exercise herself in the business of moulding and influencing mind, and in both these ways promote her own improvement; and second, to do more good than she could hope to as a pupil. These motives weighed strongly in the minds of the parents, and to them was added another, viz: that of gratifying so earnest and laudable a desire, in the mind of their beloved daughter. Accordingly, after receiving favorable replies to the questions proposed to Miss P., and corresponding with Dr. B., an esteemed Christian friend in the city, and obtaining from him the promise of giving her, for the present, the place of a daughter in his family, her parents consented to her spending a few months in the city.

LETTER TO HER SISTER J.

OBERLIN, Oct. 2, 1848.

MY DEAREST SISTER JOSEPHINE —

Last Saturday I had a long crying spell, giving vent to feelings which are not often indulged. *Loneliness*—"a volume in a word." I do not feel lonely for want of a kind father or a dear mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, a happy family circle, or a company of interest-

ing friends and associates who welcome me most cordially into their midst, whenever I incline to go; for all these blessings I have. (How much more than I deserve!) But an elder sister—and *such* an one—taken away just as my heart was learning to love, and my mind becoming able to appreciate, that sister. Do you wonder that I miss her who has been with me continually for so long a time, always instilling some good into my mind, both by precept and example? O the precious days you and I spent together last winter and spring!—they will never return to us.

But how are you, dear Josephine? Relying implicitly upon the word of God? Trusting your all peacefully in his hands? I, too, have cast myself at his feet, pleading for mercy, and by his grace will be a different girl.

Your letters are a treasure to us. Could you but see the joyful faces and glistening eyes, when a letter from Josephine is announced, you would feel amply rewarded for turning aside often from all other duties, to say a few words to us. Still more interested would you be, could you look into the *heart* and see the emotions there, too deep for utterance. I think

that neither a morning or evening season of family worship has passed since you left, at which "those dear absent ones" have not been specially remembered.

You have one privilege which we have not. When you think of us, you know where we are, and how we are probably occupied. And (by the way,) I have in imagination pictured your home, the house, your room, &c., though without the slightest hint upon which to base my plan.

The other evening after I had prepared to retire, though quite late, I sat down by the north window, (your old seat,) to think of you and look at the stars. I thought, there are some objects upon which we may both look at the same time, and it would seem almost as though our eyes met. After looking at the familiar old Dipper a long time, almost dreaming that I saw you, it seemed very easy just to lower my eyes a little, and then—why should I not see you? How real such imaginary ideas are sometimes rendered at night, when the mind has been for a long time fixed upon one object.

You know I am not apt to be visionary or imaginative, so I will venture to tell you how I

have come to regard the clock in our room, of which you used to take the care. At one time it seemed to speak to me like an old friend of yours, and though that idea was soon gone, yet I have loved it ever since for your sake, and imagine it sympathizes with me. But enough of this. Do write us soon and often.

Your afft. sister,

HELEN.

LETTER TO S. P.

OBERLIN, Oct. 6, '48.

VERY DEAR SARAH —

Last Tuesday evening a letter for Helen was announced, to my great joy. I have much to say to you, but must confine myself to one subject, and a few words only on that. How pleasant it will be, if, in a few weeks, I should be with my friend Sarah, teaching in Cincinnati! What! pleasant to leave home, and all that I hold *so dear*? Yes, if duty calls; but not without. Surely, I ought to be up and doing all I can for my own good and that of others. This leads me to wish to go somewhere and teach, and nowhere should I love to go so well as to Cincinnati. I think the

probability is, that father and mother will give their consent. I will keep you informed.

The Spirit of God is working in the hearts of many in an especial manner, in this place, at the present time, and I have great reason to be thankful that I have not been left entirely to myself, but, through the long suffering goodness and mercy of Christ, have been led to cast myself at his feet, and to seek and accept forgiveness. I feel that I could not have gone to Cincinnati, without the presence of Christ. At war with him, how feeble and powerless ; but, at peace with him, how strong !

From your afft. friend,

HELEN M. COWLES.

LETTER TO J.

OBERLIN, Oct. 10, 1848.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE—

I do n't know as I shall ever be able to decline an invitation to write you. Hence, I take up my pen to fill out mother's letter. Would you not like to take a peep into our room some morning? I say morning, because it then looks so cheerful and joyous. For my own sake, I should like to have you come in the evening.

Last night, after a good play in the kitchen, I went up stairs to our room; the beautiful moon shone brightly in, casting the shadow of the window-frame upon the floor, yet it looked dark and sad, because lonely. But, as I said, come in the morning. Well, here I am, running hither and thither, sweeping Charles' room and dusting ours, (by the way, I do not take as much trouble as you used to, as I laid aside all the ornaments on table, stand and mantle, when you left, only my books and a few necessary things remaining.) At 8 o'clock, seven children, not altogether strangers to you, enter and take their seats—Henry by my window, John by yours, Smith in a little chair one side of your stand, Sarah in another between the stand and bureau, Mary at the foot of the bed, &c., &c. Soon, what a busy group, delving after the hidden treasures of knowledge, which I assure them, as often as their ease-loving spirits begin to flag, are surely there, and will soon be in possession of such of them as take for their motto, "Try, try again."

We are very anxious to hear from you again. Write soon.

Your loving

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

Oct. 24. Have been mostly occupied for a few days with receiving calls from class-mates and friends, while the family have been sewing for me, preparatory to my leaving for Cincinnati. Have received letters of recommendation from my teachers, as good as I could wish.

25. Left home, sweet home, this morning. When shall I see it again? Father accompanied me to Bellevue; had an interesting visit with him as we rode. On our arrival, found that the cars did not leave in the evening; went therefore and spent the night at Mr. B.'s.

26. While at breakfast this morning, was called for to go to the depot. There we met with Dr. Hill and wife who were going to C., to whom father introduced me, and in whose care he placed me. I was very happy in their company; they were so kind through the whole journey. All was new, interesting and exciting to me. Arrived at Dr. B.'s late in the evening.

27. In the morning studied, and in the afternoon went with S. to her school, after which we took a walk about the city. This evening

have had a good crying spell. Cannot get alone to pray.

29. Sabbath. Attended church twice and a prayer-meeting in the evening. To trust in the Lord and do good shall be my aim.

Helen's journal was regularly kept during her stay in Cincinnati, but as her letters contain the same, except the very minute details, and express much more fully her feelings and states of mind, we give place chiefly to the latter, resuming the former at the date of her last letter home.

CHAPTER X.

RESIDENCE IN CINCINNATI.

LETTER TO PARENTS.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 30, '48.

VERY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—

HERE I am, safe and sound, and very happy this evening; for I have been teaching this afternoon, and expect to continue on through the week at least, in the place of a young lady who is disabled by inflamed eyes. When I left Bellevue, I felt badly enough that the cars started so suddenly that I could not bid father good bye. I sprang to the door of the car, but could not see him. Dr. Hill was very kind and attentive. I became quite interested in his wife and children. She would not allow me to consider myself under any obligation to them, because she said I had aided her so much in the care of her children.

It was late when I arrived at Dr. B.'s. In the afternoon of the next day, I went with Sarah to her school, and was introduced to Mr. A., the Principal. Afterwards walked with S. till nearly dark. How glad I was to get back to the Dr.'s; but I found it impossible to get alone to pray, and my heart was full to bursting. Everything conspired to make me weep, partly for joy and partly for sadness. Everything which appeared like home filled my eyes with tears. Mrs. B. calls me "Helen," and it sounds good to me. But O for pure air, free from coal-smoke, good water, and a bowl of bread and milk!

On the Sabbath, I attended Rev. Mr. Lord's church in the morning, and in the afternoon, the church of which Dr. B. is a member. The last Sabbath evening I spent at home, I shall never forget. I wish I had talked more with my brothers before I left. But I must close. Everything has hitherto been just as kindly ordered for me as if I had always been a grateful, obedient child of God.

With much love,

HELEN.

LETTER TO C. P.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 6, '48.

MY VERY DEAR CLARA—

I am very glad indeed to sit down and write you to-day, because I have so longed to talk a little with you, and because my letter will, as I trust, bring a speedy answer. I must just say a word about that day when I left home, dear home and friends, for a land of strangers. But Clara, I felt that I had one Friend who would go with me, remain with me, guard, guide and direct me, for I had consecrated myself to him, committed my interests into his hands, and he had accepted the charge. That day was in some respects the happiest day of my life—I did so enjoy father's company and conversation. It fed my mind and warmed my heart. I thanked God for such a father. He treats his wife and daughters as companions, and enjoys and appreciates their sympathies. We had almost all sorts of roads, and the scenery was some of it fine. I had more poetical thoughts that day, than ever before in my life. Was really quite encouraged about myself. But alas! they all evaporated before the next day,

and the city is no place for their reproduction. Before I slept that night, I had in imagination written a long letter to you, and another home.

At Bellevue, father introduced me to Dr. Hill, a Professor in a Medical College in Cincinnati, whither he was going with his family. I only stepped out of the cars once, till I reached Cincinnati, late in the evening.

I have already seen considerable of the city, and have begun to teach. I have met with nothing to trouble me much as yet, except the smoke, the dense coal-smoke, which sometimes almost chokes me, and is really offensive. Speaking of teaching—the house in which I have taught is a large, three-story brick building, with a steeple and bell. My business has been to hear recitations. Each half hour, a class comes in to recite to me. I have found it very pleasant. The prospect of the adjacent hills, from the windows of the building, is very fine. You know Cincinnati is situated in a basin, formed by hills which surround it on all sides.

I am sure I have obtained the love of the little girls I have taught. One night as I came from school they crowded around me, so that

I could hardly walk, and when we parted, they were all eager for a kiss, though there were a great many people in sight. When I got to my room, I dropped upon my knees, thanked God, and wept tears of gratitude. I do believe, Clara, that I can teach pretty well, with enough of the love of God in my heart to make me *pleasant*. Now, don't fail of writing me soon.

Nov. 7. Again I take my pen, to add a little before I close my letter. This morning I went to market with Dr. B. What a laughable time we had amongst the Dutch and Irish women, as we went through the market, which extends the whole length of a square. The Dr. went before, and I walked and ran and jumped and danced along after him. I like my home here very much.

No one would *now-a-days* think me *stoical*, if they could see my heart. I believe it has really become a heart of flesh instead of stone. I am not homesick, yet many times in a day I have to exert myself to keep back the rising tear. I tell Sarah that I *bite* it off. Sometimes it is pretty stubborn, but so is my will. I always manage to control my manifestations of feeling, except when I have time that I can

afford to give up to it. But oh! those dearly loved ones at my sweet home, which a world of vanity and fashion cannot make me love less than I now do. Every time I put on that silk sack with which mother furnished me as I was about leaving, I think of her with gratitude. It is just exactly the thing for me here. How much I think of Josephine, too! We who were so long together in that room are very widely separated. But are we not both missionaries? She is surely, and I may be. O may I be instructed of God, to win souls to him! Once more I say, Do write me soon.

Your affectionate,

HELEN.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 11, '48.

MY DEAR MOTHER—

Saturday night has again come, and I cannot refrain from writing you. I have been with you in spirit all this week. In the morning I ask, "What are they doing now?" At noon I see you all seated at the table, notice the looks of one, and hear the remarks of another, and heartily wish I could have my share of those large delicious apples, from father's orchard.

At evening, I am with you in season to attend family worship, when each one, seated in his or her accustomed place, lives before my mind's eye. But there is one vacant seat, there by the melodeon, where you know dear J. used to sit. How often last summer at evening prayers, was my mind filled with sorrowful thoughts as I gazed upon those loved features, and thought how soon we were to part. But I did not realize how great my loss would be, until she was indeed far away; and it is only just now that I have begun to understand how she must *long* for home, and what she sacrificed for Christ's sake. If I have learned nothing else by coming here, I have learned to love my home as I never did before. If this world had not been just such an one as it is, I do not think Cincinnati would have held me all this week. How often I have said, "O that I had wings!" But I rely on the belief that it was the will of my Savior that I should come here, and he will bring all out well at last. I often enquire within myself, how should I have felt, or how should I have acted, had not my faith in God been strong? Never before, dear mother, have I had such faith as now. Never

has my soul been so stayed on Christ, as since I have been here. I do believe he has sent me here to do good—to be a missionary. My heart has been filled with thanksgiving for the unceasing loving-kindness which has always marked my pathway, and I have been and am now determined to spend the remainder of my life in the service of that God who has done so much for me.

I cannot tell you, dear mother, how joyful I was to receive a letter from father and you, and as I read, my joyful feelings were turned into heartfelt gratitude to God for such a letter and for such parents. I don't know that I ever before shed tears of joy; but that letter received many, and was worthy of them.

How very often and very much I think of the last months Josephine and I spent at home together; of the happy hours in our room; and of her now, far, far away. How anxious I am to hear from her.

I have no permanent situation as teacher yet. They all say that situations usually come unexpectedly, and that I may have a call any day. Sarah says, things look much more favorable

for me than they did for her. I believe she did not teach for a month.

I presume that when a place offers, I shall see that it was best that I should not have had one sooner. Yesterday I taught a select school for a lady who was sick.

“Powers’ Greek Slave” has been drawing multitudes since I have been here, but I have not been to see it, nor spoken of going; for I knew the Dr. had been, and would, if he thought it best, speak of our going, and as he did not incline even to *talk* about it, I did not wish to see it.

I have visited the Art Union, and almost wished I could *live* there. I never before saw anything so beautiful in the works of art. I wish I could describe to you some of the paintings, but almost every one was so true to nature, and so beautifully planned and executed, as to render it impossible for me to do it justice in description. I wished again and again that some member of our family, whom I thought of, was there to enjoy it with me.

Yesterday, as my school was too far distant from Dr. B.’s to go home to dinner, I took a walk of nearly a mile. I walked by the river

some time, until, as I looked up, I saw that the building in whose shadow I was walking, was a distillery; and presumed that the men standing in its doors were none of the best stamp, so I would not allow myself to linger, or look about at all, but walked as if on business the rest of the time. I love to walk where I can see the river. The Ohio side is completely lined with boats, some steamboats and some ferry-boats, &c., &c. On the other side, though two cities lie there in sight, all looks as though they had gone to sleep. I often feel more alone, while walking these thronged streets, than at any other time. Many a time do I think of these lines:

“When the church bells rejoice that the Sabbath is
here,

I weep while I pray—I’m alone, all alone;
I’m alone, though I rove through the city’s throng’d
street;

There are none that I love, no kind smile do I meet;
I haste through the crowd, all unheeded, unknown,
For *thou* art afar—I’m alone, all alone.”

Yesterday, as I was walking alone, I thought how strange it would look to our people, if they could see me so much at home in the heart of this great city, and I almost wished that

they could by some power look down upon me as easily as Christ or my sainted mother can.

I suppose you have received a letter from J. for me; if so, can you send it to me? O how I long for the *music* we have at home. But I am often with you in imagination, to hear and enjoy it.

I dream of home and Josephine very often, but I am happy here. Sarah is just as kind and affectionate as she can be. I am nearly as much at home here now as she is, though I try not to be too forward. She is used to living away from home and I am not. When I have been out anywhere, I cannot bear to go right up stairs, without just stepping in to tell Mrs. B. something or other, and I think she likes it of me. How much I think, dear mother, of your kind exertions in preparing me for leaving home. Will you ask Minerva to take my place as "Penny-a-week collector." Do write me often as you can. You do not know how much good your letter and father's did me;—every word of it sunk deep into my heart, there to act as a stimulus to future well-doing. I remember you all at the Throne of Grace, and

also the dear one so far distant. Do you always remember me? I know you do, and the thought cheers me on in the path of duty from day to day.

Your afft. daughter, HELEN.

LETTER TO FATHER.

November 11.

MY DEAR FATHER—

I am very thankful to you for your letter. It was an unexpected blessing, as I supposed your time would be so fully occupied, that you would be apt to leave the letter-writing to other hands. How often I shall read it over until I get another! and then *that* will be read and re-read. It does me good—strengthens my good resolutions, makes me more determined to live wholly for God and for the souls of my fellow-creatures.

Dr. B. has promised me tracts, and a district in which I shall be the regular distributor. Expect to go for the tracts to-day, and hope with the help of the Lord to do much good. I was very glad to see an Oberlin Evangelist. I shall look upon those as letters from home. I am anxious to know if the state of religious

feeling continues to be as interesting as when I left. I hope your health will not suffer from your preaching this winter. O how I long for a sight of home! Accept these few words, from the full heart of

Your affectionate daughter, HELEN.

LETTER TO HER STEP-BROTHER, C. PENFIELD.

November 12.

DEAR BROTHER CHARLES —

According to promise, I write from my little gift inkstand, to you, first of all. I have found a great deal to busy myself about since I have been here, so that I have seen less of the city than you might imagine. Teaching, sewing and studying, have filled up much of my time. Shall I tell you about my examination last week? Seven men, the learned of the place, among them Mr. Ray, author of Ray's Algebra, and Dr. Lakey, whom some call Dr. Dates, because he is such a perfect chronological table, compose the examining committee. Sarah went with me to the "judgment-hall," which is a room nearly as long as our chapel. A table extends nearly the whole length of the room,

upon one side of which the examiners arranged themselves, while the candidates were seated on the other. But I will not tire you with particulars. Suffice it to say, I think I passed respectably, and of course received my certificate. Dr. B. heard one of the examiners say, "That young lady, (alluding to me,) you will see, will be back again soon, for a principal's certificate;" and so perhaps I shall. I think it may be well for me not to engage permanently as an assistant. Much love to M.

Your afft. sister,

HELEN.

TO HER BROTHER HENRY.

November 12.

DEAR BROTHER—

I want to write to each one of you, and hope you will all answer, even though it be but a few words. I think you boys would hardly know how to live here, everything is so different from our quiet village. You would make but slow progress along the street, I imagine, as you would want to look at so many things of interest. As I sit by the window, I hear as much noise from wagons, &c., as we do in Oberlin, at Commencement time, and we live

in a very still part of the city. When coming from "down town," I turn the corner of Western Row, one square from the Dr.'s, it is like stepping out of Bedlam into a quiet parlor. How I should love to walk the streets with you and point out the various objects of interest. Last Sabbath as I was returning from church, I passed some boys playing marbles. They were right on the sidewalk, and I had some mind to displace them with my foot, and then stop and tell them I did it because it was wicked for them to play on God's holy day; but they were pretty large boys, and I was not sure it was best. I cannot tell now what I should do about it another time.

Your loving sister,

HELEN.

TO HER STEP-BROTHER, BIGELOW.

November 13.

DEAR BROTHER—

I believe I must tell you about a hand-organ I heard the other day. It sounded very loud and was good-toned, and made much better music than I supposed was ever sold in the street. The man was poorly dressed and carried the organ which was fastened to him with straps.

The street boys in the city are very wicked, as might be expected when they roam the streets and do just as they please. Many of them smoke cigars, while they are mere children. How much I would give for a bowl of good bread and milk. I was thinking, the other day, of the great amount of money which is laid out in cakes and candy here, and thought how much better it would be for them, if it were laid out in milk. I hope, Bigelow, you will prize the privilege of such simple diet, while you enjoy it; for I dare say, sometime you will be placed where you cannot get it.

With much love,

HELEN.

TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

November 13.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN—

I often think of my brothers and sisters as men and women, wondering what kind of people they will make ten or twenty years hence. John, the only way to be truly great and good, is to live for Christ, always doing good. Will you not live so? What school do you attend now? Please write, and tell me all about the things that interest you.

On Saturday I left my work awhile, for a little play. William B., Dr.'s little boy, about the age of our Smith, asked me to come in to his "candy-pull." We had a fine time—I made my part quite white. I shall want to be with you all at Thanksgiving; but as I cannot, I will offer up my thanks here.

Your affectionate

HELEN.

TO HER STEP-BROTHER, SMITH.

November 13.

DEAR SMITH—

My book-mark, "Beware of light reading," reminds me of you very often, for I keep it in my Bible. Another thing, too, the other day reminded me of you so forcibly as to bring tears to my eyes. I read the "Blind Boy," which you used to sing. At first I could hardly bear to read it, but finally read it over and over again. I have a "Forget-me-not," which I rather think came from Sarah. I find it easy to obey such injunctions. Mary's name brings tears to my eyes at once.

HELEN.

TO HER SISTERS, SARAH AND MARY.

November 13.

DEAR GIRLS—

I shall love to think of you, Sarah, as one of Christ's dear little lambs. How much Mary and you will love each other, and how much you can do for each other's happiness! You must remember, when you are tempted to treat each other unkindly, that you will not always live together, as you now do; and then, if you have not been always kind, I know you will be sorry.

I thank you, Mary, for the information about the kittens. I want to have you tell me every such little thing. I shall consider all your letters, children, very important. You wanted to have me tell you about the little girls I teach here. Well: in the same class, I have some as large as Mary Lamberton and some as small as Louisa Fitch. Some of them have curly hair, which hangs in ringlets all around their heads. One little girl, Ann Crow, a Dutch girl, is an excellent scholar and a good girl. For awhile, at first, whenever I spoke to any of them about doing wrong, they would not

Speak, but cover up their head and face. This was very unpleasant to me, but I have got them almost cured of it now. I try to make them see that I love them, and when at recess they stand around the stove, I ask them about their brothers and sisters, and tell them about mine. But I have not time to write more to-night.

Your afft. sister,

HELEN.

LETTER TO HER GRANDMOTHER.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29, 1848.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER—

You will be surprised to see that I write you from Cincinnati, and more so still, to learn that I expect to spend several months here. I came here one month ago, to engage in teaching, at the request of a young lady with whom I had been long acquainted, and who has been for some months teaching here in the Union Schools.

The day I left home was one long to be remembered: leaving my dear home to go among strangers for the first time. Father went with me in our carriage almost a day's journey, to Bellevue, where I took the cars for Cincinnati. I enjoyed his company exceedingly, but when

he left me the next morning, I felt indeed lonely. I trusted, however, that my Heavenly Father watched over me. In father's first letter to me, he wrote thus: "I watched the car-windows in vain for a last look, and then my heart seemed to go off with you, in those thundering cars, and I should have been glad if I could have gone too." My full heart overflowed when I read *that*. There could not be a better or a kinder father than I have.

If I had kept on with my studies, I should have entered upon my last year, in August. But we all agreed in thinking that the benefit to me from that one year's study, would be much greater when I should be a little older. I taught five of my brothers and sisters and two other children, for awhile in the fall, in my own room.

Josephine was married and left for the West Indies in July. I felt rather lonely for a time. We had become strongly attached to each other. She is a very superior girl in every respect. It was an unexpected trial to mother, to have me leave her too; and it *was* rather hard, as I was becoming more and more near and dear to her, and was learning to love her and my home

more and more. But I think the Lord directed me here. I see his hand in everything, have been prospered here, and am determined to spend my life in doing good; for should I do all that is possible, I could never repay the debt of love I owe. I long to bless the souls of those I teach. I went last Sabbath and assisted in forming a Sabbath school in the City Hospital, where one was greatly needed. I am thankful for the opportunity of doing good there.

Words cannot tell how much I should rejoice to see the relatives of my dear sainted mother, and I believe I shall, at some future time, visit them.

Your last letter rejoiced me much. When I read it over, I feel as though I could hardly wait for another; but if I should have to wait a long time, it would be no more than I deserve, for my delay in answering your former letters.

I am very pleasantly situated, in the family of Dr. Bushnell. I dislike the smoke of a city where coal is burned. I am glad our family is not in a city—there is so much to attract and dissipate the mind; and yet the attractions I speak of are no temptation to me; but they

might be to younger children. I do believe our family are being trained up in the way they should go, and I also believe in the promise that they shall not depart from it. Sarah has, as we hope, been converted within a few weeks. Give my warmest love to all the friends, and accept a large share for yourself and Grandfather.

Your afft. granddaughter,

HELEN.

LETTER TO FATHER AND MOTHER.

December 2.

DEAR PARENTS—

Last evening, on returning from school, my heart was gladdened, O I cannot tell you how much! by a letter from home. One week ago, received yours by Mr. H. I have taught all the past week in the 'Texas house. I feel confident, most of the time, that there is a better place for me than I have yet found, and am certain that I shall have just the best place *for me*, and that is all I want. I do not *always* feel just as I have expressed now, though I *usually* do, and my sober judgment always speaks the same.

I had expected to be examined yesterday for principal's certificate, but Dr. B. wished me

to continue teaching to supply a vacancy, and thought I might just as well be examined a month hence, and that my present certificate was sufficient for the present.

I read the Watchman of the Valley with interest, as I know you take it, and I want to see what you read. It gives much of the news of Cincinnati. Perhaps you read the account of the dedication of the Vine-street church, which I attended. Sarah and I are teaching Sabbath school in the Hospital, at the suggestion of Rev. Horace Bushnell, who said they had never had one there, but needed one very much. We were glad to go. Some mothers attended with their children. I had sixteen in my class the first day. Sarah takes those who can read, and I those who cannot. We have now been there two Sabbaths. I want to assure you that Dr. B. is, as we both think, one of the finest men we ever saw. I respect, esteem and love him more and more. He is exceedingly kind. But after all, I have a good many sad feelings; I do so long to see you all. Each word of your letters is precious indeed. I tell Sarah the letters I get are the very best ever written.

Give my undying love to all my friends, and accept a great deal for yourselves.

Your daughter, HELEN.

TO MOTHER.

December 20.

DEAR MOTHER—

For a few days I have felt a little inclined to be sad, or at least sober, though I presume no one would observe it in my appearance. Sarah is going home to spend the holidays, and I shall be alone. No, not alone; for a kind Providence has furnished me with many friends here, and my Savior will be with me. But for a day or two it has been difficult—it has required an effort, to feel assured that any one *could be* my friend, or that all things are for the best. Nothing new has occurred to discourage me, neither am I discouraged; but—

Next Sabbath I expect to take the entire charge of the Sabbath school at the Hospital. I should love to write a good deal about *that*. It is very pleasant indeed for us, and I do believe, with the grace of God, we shall do much good there. I have to spend some time on Saturdays in preparation, so as to make it in-

teresting to all. On Tuesday, S. and I called at Mr. Mason's. He is Professor of music. His wife was very friendly; invited me to come and make their house my home during Sarah's absence, as I should be apt to feel lonely. Met there with a lady by the name of Spencer, who knew father while in college, and heard his graduating address. That interested me very much.

I like my school much, and expect it will be visited by the examiners to-morrow. When shall I hear from you again? I cannot wait long. O I cannot! Your letters always encourage me to go on and do good. I feast on them, as also on the "Evangelists." Much love to each member of the family.

Let me have some more letters soon.

Your own

HELEN.

LETTER TO PARENTS.

December 31.

MY EVER DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—

The sun has forever set upon 1848, and its events will soon be numbered with those of years gone by.

It is Sabbath morning; and why should I not spend it in communing with those nearest

and dearest earthly friends, to whom I can speak of a Savior's loving kindness?

I have to-day been looking back over the year that is past. Last 31st December, I was making a present for Josephine. We were then at *home*, together, enjoying all the comforts of home and happy in each other's society. Where has one year brought us? Separated far from each other and far from home. She is in a pagan, or almost pagan land,—the sea between her and all she once held dear upon earth—deprived of all the enjoyments of intelligent and enlightened society, doing good, laboring for Jesus Christ's sake—for the good of mankind. I presume she would not be back—she is happy in her self-sacrifice.

I am in a city where I enjoy the light of religion and of science,—where I have many kind friends; and cannot I be happy? Cannot I sacrifice the ease and enjoyments of home, *joyfully*, for the sake of doing good?

January 1. Last night I went with the Doctor to a "watch-meeting," about 9 o'clock, and left about 11. A large house and much crowded. Have heard the report of guns, peal after peal, incessantly, ever since sundown.

During the past year, the Lord has been indeed long-suffering and merciful to me. Temporal blessings—all that heart could wish, he has bestowed upon me, and spiritual blessings outweighing them a thousand times. That He should have received me at all, after I had so long and so wickedly departed from him, is enough of itself to melt the hardest heart; but besides that, he has filled my cup with blessings unnumbered. I can see his kind hand in directing my steps here, and in ordering so many little incidents just in the most pleasant way. Never shall I be able to do enough for Christ. I am sometimes troubled to know just what I ought to do by way of direct effort for the good of souls. How much time I ought to devote to it, how much to blame myself when I do not accomplish all I can see that I might have done. For instance, last Saturday I intended to spend some time distributing tracts in my district, but did not get about it early enough. I had promised Dr. Hill's little boy that I would take him down to the river, which is very high now, but that trip was entirely crowded out. It makes me feel unhappy when I think how little good I have done the past

year, and, if my "heart condemns me, God is greater than my heart, and knoweth all things." What is life worth unless devoted to the great end of saving souls?

How much I thank God for your kindness, and that of all my friends. Such a debt of gratitude I already owe as I can never repay. You ask about my needing more money. If I had much less than I now have, I should know how to live within my means. But I have been bountifully supplied, and doubt not but I shall have enough to last me through.

About coming home—I should rejoice to do so whenever it is best. I do not suppose I am actually doing a very great amount of good here, but I am learning how to be useful in many ways faster than I should at home. I think I have given you rather a *dark* picture all along; but I have at no time been unhappy, except when my conscience has accused me. I have sometimes felt sad, and many times very joyful. I know in my own experience what *peace* is. Perhaps it sounds strange to you to hear me talk so, but it is a reality to me.

I like Cincinnati and its inhabitants much better than I did at first, probably because I

have seen and learned more about them. Have spent some time at Dr. Hill's the past week, as they have a sick son, and I find I can aid them some in sewing and the care of the children. I love the family very much; they call me "Helen," which gratifies me. I took Christmas dinner at Rev. Mr. White's. You may have seen in the Watchman of the Valley a notice of the death of a little son of theirs. Am invited to dinner to-day, to Rev. H. Bushnell's.

Eve. I have just returned from Mr. Bushnell's, where we had a delightful time. I went in the omnibus, which I enjoyed very much, as it is long since I have had a ride of that kind. A large company of the family friends were there—about twenty-two in number. The scenery there is beautiful. Last Wednesday evening I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. B. to Rev. Mr. Boynton's donation party. So you see I mix in society a good deal. I wish you all a happy New Year. Love to all.

Your affectionate,

HELEN.

LETTER TO HER GRANDMOTHER.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 3, 1849.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER—

I shall ever be grateful for a line from your kind hand, and a word from your affectionate heart. Like the letters which I receive from my own dear parents, yours encourage me in the strait and narrow way, gladden my heart and make it better.

Since I united with the Church, almost three years ago, I have been a grievous backslider, and it is a wonder that I have been spared to enjoy what I now do of the Savior's presence: indeed, that I had not long ago been sent to the depths of Hell. But our Heavenly Father is long-suffering and tenderly merciful. I love to say, "Heavenly Father," and to know that there is One above who watches over me with a father's love and care. For no earthly treasure would I give up the service of Christ.

I am boarding in a very pleasant Christian family, quiet, polite, and intelligent. I find very little here to tempt me to frivolity or dissipation; but were it different, I think the dress and fashion of those around me would not affect me. I admire neatness and elegance

in dress and everything, but extravagance obtains no countenance from me. The principles and example of my dear parents are too dear to me for that.

Almost every letter from home would lead me directly back, did it not seem that duty calls me to remain here for the present. Dear mother writes in her last letter thus—"Be assured, dear Helen, that we talk and pray about you a great deal every day; indeed I could hardly say that either Josephine or you are *absent* from my thoughts at all. Sometimes we are inclined to hope that the next letter will speak of your return; and yet when we have received and read it, we rest satisfied to have you remain there (for the present) if you choose." That is just my dear mother. Sometimes I almost think I ought to return on her account, for I know my presence would add to her happiness. Yet, after all, it seems to me best that I should stay some time longer. When I return, I expect to resume my studies and finish up my course: and father bids me tell you that I shall then probably visit you and my other eastern friends. That will be a joyful time to me.

You may wonder, dear grandmother, what could have induced me to leave so dear a home to spend a winter here. Be assured it was not because my home is not all I could wish, nor that my father and mother are not the best and kindest of parents, nor that my brothers and sisters are not very dear to me, nor that I lacked interesting and affectionate friends and acquaintances ; nor yet pecuniary necessities, for all our wants are well supplied : but it was *the hope and expectation of getting and doing good* ; and that, I am free to say, is being realized. Do not be anxious about me. The Lord is my Father ; and I have a home within two or three days' ride, which I shall be rejoiced to see, and to which I shall be warmly welcomed whenever the proper time for my return shall have come. I always knew there was no place like home, and surely there are few so happy homes as my own. Again I thank you for your letter.

Your loving grand-daughter,

HELEN M. COWLES.

TO MOTHER.

January 6.

DEAR MOTHER—

I can assure you that your last letter was welcome if none other ever was. And now I must hasten to tell you of a change. Sarah and I have left our boarding place at Dr. B.'s and have come to Rev. Mr. White's. I think when you come to know the circumstances you will not think we have acted unwisely. They were crowded at the Dr.'s. We had no room to ourselves. Here they have room enough. We have a beautiful one to ourselves, where we can shut our door and pray. They were exceedingly kind to us at the Dr.'s, but I think they are likely to be equally so here. I really wish father or Charles could come here before I go home. Perhaps father has too much to do; but cannot Charles leave his teaching for a little while with profit to himself? What think you? Mr. White says, "Tell your mother not to be anxious about you, for we will take care of you."

The Literary Club which father and you attend must be pleasant and profitable, I think.

What is the state of sister Sarah's mind? and how is it with the other children? Lately I have wished we might all be missionaries. That every one may be a devoted follower of Christ, is my constant prayer. Give a great deal of love to grandmother C. for me. I am sorry to lose her visit. Wish she could be with you when I return.

I have new scholars every day. This morning I had seventy, and yet the school was *still* as I could wish, or rather as I could expect. Afternoon seventy-three. My trust is in my Heavenly Father: he has, and does still, help and bless me. Accept the heart-felt love of your

HELEN.

TO C. P.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 16.

MY MUCH-LOVED CLARA—

I had indeed wondered that I did not receive a letter from you, and now I have just heard, through Mr. C., of the death of your father. Your letter, too, has just been handed me. Dear C., how shall I sympathize with you? I lost a mother, but then I was not at an age, or in a state of mind, to feel the loss deeply. I do not wish to turn your thoughts away from

the subject of your sorrow, except so far as may be necessary for your own highest good ; but I feel deeply interested in your health and happiness ; and I hope and pray this affliction may not so affect you as to be injurious, but beneficial. Do not consider it assuming in one so young and inexperienced as I am, to speak to you of that “balm in Gilead” which is offered so freely to all who need it. There is One who sympathizes with you in all your trials, to whom you can go and pour out all your sorrows.

I think I told you something about my state of mind the night before I left home. Since then the Lord has dealt with me in great kindness. Temporal and spiritual blessings have been showered upon me. I wish above all things else to do good, to bless the souls of my fellow-creatures. But to-night I must say I feel in trouble about several things. O that I could see just how I stand with my Heavenly Father ! I have not felt that all was right for several days. Why is it ? I ask myself. Where I feel so, it makes everything look dark. I do not see how to get right if I am wrong. I know that my determination to live for Christ

is fixed and strong as ever; I know that the Lord cares for me, and I will trust him.

I am now teaching in the place of a young lady who is sick; have about sixty-five or seventy scholars a day usually, all small boys from six to nine or ten years of age. I taught for some time in another school, a much easier one. I have learned a great deal since I have been here. Is not that encouraging, Clara? Much about manners and customs; what course to take to gain the good will and confidence of strangers; much about teaching school, both in government and instruction; something about doing good practically, and much about abiding in Christ experimentally; and hope to learn much more.

I hope to see you about July next in Oberlin: shall I not? As far as I now know, I shall go on in the Junior class. It will be far pleasanter for me than to have strangers for classmates. Sarah and I room together and hold our joys and sorrows in common. Away from home and friends, we are all the world to each other. I love her much. She has been home to spend the Christmas holidays. O how I wish you could visit my school-room. Upon the whole,

I am really delighted with teaching. I have mentioned that I have learned a great deal, but neglected to speak of one important thing. I have learned and am still learning to love my home and friends as I never did before. How much I think of dear Josephine. She is across the sea, laboring among the dark-minded. Sometimes I almost imagine she has forgotten me. How dear to memory are the scenes of last summer! But I have much to regret. Do not think, dear Clara, because I have written you *such* a letter, that I do not sympathize with you in your present circumstances and pray for you too; for I *do* most sincerely. Sarah sends love. She knows what it is to lose a tender father. Clara, I am sincerely aiming to get good, to be good, and to do good, and am sure that I shall have your prayers and good wishes.

Your sincere friend,

HELEN.

TO PARENTS.

January 16.

DEAR PARENTS—

Letters from home are above all price. I have thought of waiting for another before I

should write again, but conclude I cannot afford to. I am quite well and busy as ever. I do not see what Cin. could do without me. I am at present teaching in the Texas House—a more difficult place than I had before, but still very pleasant. Sarah and I went through three wards of the Hospital a week ago last Sabbath, distributing tracts to the inmates, and should have gone farther had not Mr. Bushnell told us we had gone far enough for one day. I met with one boy at the Sabbath-school there that I wish could be sent to Oberlin for an education: he is now under strong Catholic influence.

I want to know what to say to Catholics. Can you tell me in a few words what I can say to shew them the folly and wickedness of their system of religion? We have men and women as well as children to deal with. I meet with them in my tract district in the city. I want to ask one question which relates to my own spiritual life. Ought I to be at all satisfied with my state, unless I am at perfect rest in the love of Christ? I am somewhat troubled just now. The purpose of my heart to live for the glory of God is firm as ever, but I am

so situated that I can be alone but little, and my time is so taken up with my school that I do not devote the attention to my tract district which is needed, and for some reason or other, I do not feel quite happy. Few persons have enjoyed as great blessings as I. I have slighted them, and yet they have been continued to me; and my labors for Christ should be graduated accordingly. The Oberlin Evangelist does me good, and when I get no letter, I take *that* for one. Josephine is much in my thoughts. Please send letters full of love to her from me.

Your loving daughter,

HELEN.

TO FATHER.

February 7.

DEAR FATHER—

One more day has passed away, one day less lies between me and my home. At night, as I return from school, I think if all my days are as short as this, it will soon be time for me to turn my footsteps homeward. I never can thank you and mother enough for your good letters to me.

I attend upon the preaching of Rev. Mr. Lord latterly. I think it better for me to go

regularly to one place and feel myself at home, than to make changes.

Last evening I intended to devote to writing, but Mr. White kindly invited me to accompany him to the Female College, and I was happy to accept the invitation. The evening was mostly spent in reading compositions, a few friends having been invited in to listen. The young ladies were members of a literary society connected with the College. The ladies appeared younger, I think, than those at Oberlin. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur have the charge of them. I presume it is a good institution. Though called a college, I do not see that it differs from a boarding-school.

Mr. White's prayers remind me strongly of home, and so also does the conversation at table and elsewhere. I hope you feel satisfied with our change of boarding places. O how much better than ever shall I be able to appreciate my home when I get there.

Your affectionate daughter, HELEN.

LETTER TO JOSEPHINE.

March 7, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER JOSEPHINE—

Sweet Sabbath evenings remind me of home

and of you. When I feel that I must have a visit with you, I take your miniature and exercise my memory and imagination a little. I can hardly realize that one with whom I have spent so many happy hours is now across the sea, and that years must pass before I may hope to see her. Are you never lonesome? Do you never long for home and its privileges? You may be abundantly blessed, yet it seems to me you cannot but be sorrowful sometimes. I know from experience that the presence of the Savior will prevent unhappiness, though it may not always prevent a longing for home. I think I can now understand better than formerly, what it is to be a missionary, to leave home and its enjoyments, civilized society and its opportunities for improvement, for Christ's sake. I understand too, better than ever before, the blessedness of living wholly devoted to Christ's cause. It is my prayer that every one of our family may live and labor on heathen soil. Why should they not?

As I write, my mind is filled with remembrances of last summer's scenes, while those of years long before start up quick as thought from memory's chambers. Do you remember

our calling upon Mrs. Bushnell and Mrs. Strong one cold Monday afternoon? Do you ever think of the hours we have spent in reading or talking together? or of our walks to and from Literary Society? For a long time I have been abundantly blessed; every step has been ordered in manifest loving-kindness. One blessing has followed another in quick succession. Since I have been here, my time has been pleasantly, profitably, and fully occupied, while, spiritually, I have been led in ways which I knew not. I now know in my own experience what *peace* and *joy* in God mean, and also, *love* to God and man. My conscience, too, is quick and active. I cannot measure my duty by the practice of others around me, for my obligations are greater than theirs. Where much is given, much will be required.

I am now teaching in a house where there are, in all the rooms, between six and seven hundred pupils; and there are eleven other school-houses in the city of like character. Among them all, there are said to be not more than half a dozen teachers, who open their schools with prayer. No one does it in the

house where I teach, except myself. My school consists of about sixty or seventy boys. They are not quite as still and orderly as they ought to be, and yet I think they do pretty well, considering what kind of a teacher they have. O how ardently I do long to know more about your present circumstances than I now know—more about your trials and your comforts and your feelings in view of them. Do write *one little letter to me personally* if possible. It will do me good.

Your loving sister,

HELEN.

TO PARENTS.

March 14.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—

O that I could talk with you this morning rather than write to you. How much I shall have to say to you which I cannot think of writing. How merciful Jesus is to me. Sometimes he *draws* me gently to himself, and at other times sets in operation a train of circumstances which *drive* me to him, for aid or safety. When I get home I can tell you all about my heart.

Last Saturday I went out to the district assigned me with tracts, and returned with a

heart full of joy and gratitude. I had been neglecting it for a long time ; had set many times to go and failed ; had once gone with tracts in hand, and walked all round the square without entering a door ; wanted to go in, and yet my feet did not take me there, and why ? I could hardly tell, but suppose my will was not strong enough. But on Saturday I had such a sense of the mercy and goodness of my Heavenly Father that I felt as though I should be glad to say or do anything for him. So Sarah and I went out together, and O how easy it was ! I went with a willing heart and a ready step, first up the very steps I had looked at and so much dreaded so many times. I visited ten families, and cannot tell you the happiness I enjoyed in it. Five out of the ten families were Catholic, I believe. The last place, I found a good-hearted Methodist woman. Her "God bless you, Miss," was worth more than gold. I think I shall never dread going again. I know I should be glad to give up anything, or do anything, to serve Christ. You may wonder that I need to say *that*, for it *ought* to be so, *of course*. But I speak of it naturally now, because there has arisen in my

mind sometimes lately, a doubt whether I am in fact really given up to Christ, and *how* I may *know* that I am. My desire and determination to bring all the tithes into the storehouse, to tithe time, money, and everything, have been so weak and ineffectual when tried by the demands of my conscience, the wants of the world, and my indebtedness to God, that I have sometimes feared all is wrong. But I am at peace now. I feel that I may come, unworthy as I am, to Christ, believing in him as my Savior.

Evening. How are you all this beautiful evening? It is almost your supper time. I imagine the table is set and you are just waiting for C. and M. to come in from public prayers, just as you used to for us all, when J. and I lived with you. Sarah is not home from her school yet, though I have been here long enough to go through with the usual process of ablution and change of clothing. As I was returning from school, Dr. B.'s little Albert told me there was a lady in their parlor from Oberlin. I went in and found Mrs. H. O how glad I was to see her.

Saturday morn. I was broken off from my

writing last night by the arrival of Anna M., who came to spend the night with me. I am now writing with bonnet and shawl on, waiting for the omnibus to take me to Mount Pleasant to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. Anna is going too. Saturdays are the only days I am at liberty, and I enjoy them much. By the way, Anna says she shall tell a dreadful story about me when she goes to Oberlin, how hard I am working, &c., and she knows you will send for me home without delay. But please not to credit her story, for I tell you *all* myself. Sometimes I feel a little like going home soon, and again I am all full of hope and desire to stay.

I have been having a little talk with Dr. Cutcheon, whose lectures on physiology I have been attending. These lectures have indeed stirred me up to good works. My clothes shall after this, be made to hang from the shoulders and be looser than formerly.

Thank you very much, mother, for sending me that last letter. It was like "cold water to a thirsty soul." I do wish it was possible for father and you to come down here just before

I go home. The omnibus does not come.
Perhaps I shall not go.

Your affectionate daughter, HELEN.

JOURNAL.

March 14. Attended Teachers' meeting. Received letters from mother and Josephine. How anxious I am to do well in my school, but I am almost discouraged. Some of the little trials I have lately met with, have had a tendency in this direction. I am sure this is just the place for me. I shall learn in time to think a little less highly of myself than formerly.

March 16. Dr. B. came into my school to-day. My scholars were noisy, and I felt disheartened. Anna M. has been trying to persuade me to return to Oberlin with her. I do *feel* like it, but feeling must not govern me. I do not believe it best to go, and that must be enough. After school had a long talk with one of the teachers, which inspired me with fresh energy to go forward with my school and make it one of the best. I carried it to my Heavenly Father. He will teach me.

March 17. Went out to-day to distribute tracts, and had such a time as never before. Met with a real papist, set and bitter. Talked with him half an hour.

March 18. 'This Sabbath's dawn was most lovely, peaceful, tranquil. But in a city like this, the tranquillity of the Sabbath is not perfect and unbroken as in our quiet village. Uninterrupted praise cannot go up *continually* from the depths of the heart, there is so much to break in upon the sanctity of the holy day. On my way to church, passed eighteen open shops. Have been to my Sabbath-school for the last time, as the children are to be removed to an asylum. I am exceedingly happy to-day. Am perfectly at rest in the love of Jesus. That he is mine and I am his, I know. O that I may do good to souls.

March 19. School pleasant in the forenoon, but rather hard in the afternoon. 'Thought I should be glad to go home, but reason said, "No. Persevere—go on—try again." I have been prospered hitherto, and believe I shall be still more so.

March 21. School pleasant. Feel encouraged and thankful.

22. A beautiful morning. Indeed, this is a beautiful world, made so by my Savior. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." My school is prospering finely.

24. A heavy thunder-storm. I love to watch the lightning's play and listen to the thunder's roar, and think of the Almighty, to whom the earth and its inhabitants are as the small dust of the balance. My mind is not quite at rest to-night—fear I have not done all my duty with regard to the tracts. I want to do just what a heart filled with love to God and man would prompt me to. By this rule I have not done wrong. I have been thinking much of Heaven. Would love to be there if it were the will of Jesus; free from temptation and sin.

25. Have just returned from church. My mind is full of thoughts—thoughts of the glory of God, of his boundless love to fallen man, thoughts that make me long for more knowledge of the Bible, such knowledge as will enable me to argue with and refute such errorists as the one I met with last week. I have this afternoon had precious views of the blessedness of a life devoted to the service of Christ. O I

wish that the same feelings might possess my breast all through the coming week ; yes, and always. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I am his—I *will be his*; I see clearly the vanity of every thing else.

27. Ninety scholars to-day. Have a great mind to leave my school and go home. Have attended a concert this evening by the Handel and Haydn Society. Very good. Could have listened all night to such music.

29. Wild was the storm which swept across my mind last night, laying prostrate everything except my faith in Christ, and even that was shaken. A tumult of thoughts and feelings, such as Satan only could send, haunted my mind and almost carried captive my soul. But Christ's promises just saved me. I think I shall go home very soon. I am satisfied that it will be for the best. I do believe God is my Father. I trust in him, and through faith in him will go on with my labors a little longer.

30. After writing the above last evening and committing my way to the Lord, joy broke in upon me most unexpectedly as I met with my dear brother Charles, just arrived from Oberlin. I shall not attempt to describe my

feelings that night; but long after the old clock had struck the hour of twelve, I thought and thought and thought of the goodness of my Heavenly Father in sending my brother to me just at this time. I can never again doubt his goodness. I can never fear, for he proves himself my Shepherd.

To-day I have walked about the city with Charles, introduced him to many of my friends and acquaintances; and he has been with me to my school, which I have taught for the last time. How wonderful it is that he should come just at the time when I had made up my mind that I must stop teaching and go home!

April 2. Have been spending a day or two very pleasantly with Charles, making preparations to go home with him. To-day have been with him to Covington; a very pleasant trip; have made some calls, and engaged the Omnibus for a ride to-morrow morning.

3. To-day we have visited Farmer's College; had an interesting time, and returned to dinner. Afternoon visited Sarah's school. She has a delightful place. Am not quite as happy in my mind to-day as yesterday. I see and recognize the hand of God in everything, and my

great wish now is, that I may be able to honor him in Oberlin.

5. Left Cincinnati, after a residence there of nearly six months. Felt a little sad at leaving my friends there. Have enjoyed the ride in the cars to-day, very much.

7. Brother Henry met us with the carriage at Sandusky, and took us home. The joy of meeting with friends at home, after so long an absence, cannot be expressed. I am truly thankful for these blessings.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW WEEKS AT HOME.

JOURNAL.

APRIL 15, '49. One week has been mostly given up to enjoyment with my friends at home, to giving and receiving calls, &c., and now my second Sabbath at home has arrived. O my Savior! help me to be an active Christian, to add to my faith virtue, (or energy.) May energetic action be a habit with me. Teach me, O Lord! and direct me where and how to labor for thee. I know I must begin with my brothers and sisters. But my heart is not free from wrong thoughts. The love of approbation is very strong in my mind, and since I came home it has troubled me much, and unless I pray a great deal, it leads me away from Jesus. But he is able to keep me and will, if I trust him. I am too anxious to know how *this* will look and how *that* will appear to others, to be a

simple-minded Christian. I also find I am inclined to pride myself upon some things which may be a little peculiar in me, and while this is so I am not right. I want it all rooted out. I want more than anything else, to be a meek, honest, humble follower of Christ. My old habit of letting my imagination run and build air-castles, has come upon me again. I must overcome it; I *will*, the grace of God assisting me. I had nearly forgotten it, until I came home and am surrounded by the same sights and scenes as formerly. Yesterday, I did that which I knew was wrong; but Prof. Finney's sermon upon the last verse of the 119th Psalm caused me to make a determined effort to return. Father preached in the afternoon, from this text: "Add to your faith, virtue," which he explained to mean, *energy*.

17. A day full of enjoyment. I have assisted father in "correcting proof," for the first time, and like the business very much. Visited in the afternoon with Charles' pupils, who were invited here to take supper, and am now enjoying the company of my dear friend, Lucy M., who is to spend a few days with me.

22. Last evening I had a precious view of the ability and readiness of Christ to hear and answer prayer.

I prayed last Sabbath, to be kept from love of the world, and from being too much engrossed in the society of those around me. I prayed that I might be a simple-minded Christian, free from such thoughts as, “how will *this* look?” and “what will be thought of *that*?” and I have been indeed free from these thoughts and feelings. Have not even been tempted in this way. Castle-building was another thing which I sought Divine aid in resisting, and I have not been at all troubled with it. O the goodness of God! I am thankful that I have an all-powerful Protector. It is even more than I asked. I expected to be under the necessity of resisting with all my strength, but I have hardly been tempted. O amazing grace and love! This shall encourage me to pray more. My prayer this week shall be—Lord, cast out every fibre of self-seeking. May I be entirely free from it the coming week. May I indeed love others as myself. I want to be actively engaged in doing good. Show me, my Savior, how and where.

24. This is my father's forty-sixth birthday. I made a little present for him. Visited a poor colored woman whose child died yesterday; felt much sympathy for her, and endeavored to do her good. At noon we were all delighted to witness father's joy and surprise at finding under his plate at table, a little package of birth-day presents, and among them a note signed by each one of the children, expressive of their resolution to be more dutiful, respectful and affectionate toward him than they had ever been before. At tea we had a party of eight missionaries with us by invitation. It was beautiful to look at them and think of them as God's ambassadors to the poor, degraded heathen. Some of them have the very spirit of Christ. It speaks in their countenances.

28. Accepted an invitation to a ride with the young people, to Elyria. Went, and had a very pleasant time, but one thing I regret. While at the public house, I saw a book lying upon the table, took it up, saw it was a Bible, and immediately laid it down again. Had it been some other book, I should probably have read some in it. "O," I thought, "only a

bible." I was glad to see it there, but did not care about reading it just then. I did not see the matter then in the light I now do. I see in it now a lack of spirituality. But I look for forgiveness.

April 29. God has in my case proved himself again and again a hearer of prayer, a precious Heavenly Father. O that my heart were stronger to resist the temptations of Satan; but I find that whenever I cry to God for aid, he drives back the tempter, just as a kind father would drive off a wild beast from his child who cried to him. None can know how much I have to be thankful for. Neither can any one know how much I have to repent of. I was thinking this morning, if it were not for the blood of Christ as an atonement, I must be lost indeed, lost eternally. Have heard father and Prof. Fairchild preach to-day. It has been a precious day.

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

May 6. Sabbath. Attended Bible Class. Mr. Kendall is my teacher. We are now upon the 4th of Romans. Father administered the sacrament this afternoon. Nine persons joined

the church. I am happy to-day in the Savior's love. But I want to be free from thoughts of self. I want to have more ardent feelings, that by means of them I may be prompted to more energetic action. I want to do more for the good of the world, and yet when I reflect, I see that I am not *now* doing all that I might. O for more love!

May 27. Since I wrote last I have studied and recited, written, read, and sewed; made and received calls much as usual, and now sit down this pleasant Sabbath day to write a few words. The children have just left my room. We had a precious little meeting. Since I came home I have kept up the practice of meeting the children for prayer once a week, just as Josephine used to, formerly. They all seemed much interested. My heart absolutely leaped for joy, when brother S. prayed.

LETTER TO S. P.

May 24, '49.

MY DEAR SARAH—

How are you, and where? are questions that naturally arise in my mind, and I take my pen to ask, hoping for an answer in due time. I

am now expecting to leave home for Ashtabula Co., on Monday next, and spend some time in visiting my relatives who reside there. I am to accompany Dr. Dascomb, who is going out on a botanical excursion. We hope to be a mutual benefit to each other. He is to provide me with means of conveyance, and I intend to hold his horse while he culls flowers, and to carry his book or herbarium for him. I shall probably be absent from home two weeks or more. The fact that the astronomy class will be going on without me, will probably hasten my return. My time, since my return to Oberlin, has been pretty fully occupied, and the three remaining days of this week will necessarily be still more so. Be assured your letter was joyfully received. My friends in Cincinnati will ever be remembered with affection, nor will my interest in them grow old or cold. I am attending Mr. Kendall's Bible class regularly, which, in addition to the usual Sabbath exercises, holds weekly meetings which are both pleasant and profitable. One week the hour is occupied in sewing by the young ladies, while Mr. K. reads to them, and the next week in a prayer-meeting. Yesterday,

though but few of the class were present, we had a pleasant season, and my soul was refreshed and strengthened. Dear Sarah, how much grace it needs to honor Christ. But if the heart be only filled with the love of God, all will be well. This will generate love for souls, abhorrence of sin, energetic action, and indeed all that is necessary in order to glorify God. Pray for me, dear Sarah, that my heart may be the dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost. My great need is to keep the object to which I have consecrated my life constantly before me. It should be my pole-star, toward which I, a fugitive from sin and my old master the Devil, should constantly press my way for freedom and dear life.

I hope you will write me soon and often.

Your loving friend,

HELEN.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNAL.

May 28. I am preparing to go immediately on a short journey to visit my relatives in Ashtabula county. Have an opportunity which I think I shall enjoy very much.

May 29. Left home with Dr. D., and set out upon our journey with a single horse and buggy. Had a pleasant time. On our way, called at Dr. Kirtland's and Prof. Thome's. Spent the night at Euclid.

May 30. Had a delightful ride to Uncle M.'s in Painesville.

31. Wonder if I shall ever see the time when I shall not feel lonesome away from home. Have been to-day with some of the family to the lake shore. Part of our way led through a fine grove. I enjoyed it all very much indeed. For a while I stood and gazed, and at length sat down upon a water-washed log, so near the breaking waves that they al-

most kissed my feet; closed my eyes and listened to the murmur of the waters, imagining that they were talking to each other—some in loud and angry voices, and some in mellow, silvery tones. I found I could soon lose myself thus. The golden rays of the sun were beautifully reflected upon the water. I could look at it, only by shading my eyes. Sails enough were visible upon the water to show that it is a highway. The scene was glorious. I thought of the great God who holds the waters in his fist and numbers the sands of the sea. He is my Father. He looks upon me in mercy. 'Through his dear Son I can approach him, sinful as I am. Returned to Uncle's through the woods.

June 1. Summer has wreathed herself in her loveliest robes, in indication of what she is to be by and by. Uncle and aunt C. arrived here to-day. It interests me much to hear people say—"Why, Helen, you do resemble your own dear mother."

2. Left Painesville with uncle C., and arrived at uncle Smith's in Austinburg, the place of my birth. Have a prospect of a precious visit.

3. At uncle Lysander's. A beautiful Sabbath morning. The birds are singing most sweetly. They evidently enjoy praising their Maker with their utmost powers. My heart unites with them in thanksgiving to him for his unbounded mercy and loving-kindness. Lately I have feared sin more than ever before, realizing how deeply it wounds Christ. O that I may have strength to resist all temptation and live so as to be a joy to my Savior. A child is a joy to his parent when his conduct honors him.

Evening. I fear I have done wrong to-day by joining in conversation not proper for the holy Sabbath.

12. I am having a precious visit. Enjoy grandmother's company very much. But I want to get home. Have had a letter from home to-day.

17. What a delightful morning! As I sit by my open window, a large locust tree, laden with blossoms, shields me from the rays of the sun, birds are caroling in its branches, and the busy bee is gathering honey from its flowers. The tree, the flower, the bird, the bee, all are God's workmanship. How much has this

great God done for me! I hardly dare ask him for any more temporal good, my cup of blessings is already so full, and my debt of gratitude so great. But for spiritual blessings I may plead for myself, my brothers and sisters, my father and mother, the church of God, and a world lying in wickedness. I remember with interest my Sabbath-school in Cincinnati, but can do nothing for them now, except by prayer.

Evening. As I was reading to-day in Joshua of the defeat of the Israelites before Ai because of the sin of one man, I was led to wonder how the Lord can spare the people of the United States, when they are such a *nation of hard-hearted sinners*.

21. Visited to-day by invitation with a very pleasant company at Mr. W.'s, and spent the time very agreeably. Was accompanied home by one who, I am sorry to say, smokes tobacco. Would not choose to walk with a tobacco-smoker, but could not well avoid it at that time.

22. Have made a very pleasant trip to Wayne—am spending my time pleasantly, but am not at all satisfied with myself: feel badly

about my *Sabbaths*. What can I do? I will go to my Savior and tell him all about it. Wrote a letter home yesterday. Have been reading the Oberlin Evangelist to-day with great interest. O that the spirit of Christ might be abundantly shed down upon my dear father, that through his paper he may be the means of blessing many souls.

26. I believe this constant visiting is not good for my soul. I am not right. Sometimes I feel petulant and sometimes rather morose, much more so than is usual for me. It must be banished. I must keep a clear conscience.

30. The weather has been very warm and uncomfortable for some time, but is now pleasanter. Two weeks from to-day I expect to be at home. I must take extra pains to learn all I can from observation, and indeed in every way, while absent from home at this time.

July 1. I am indeed longing for home. Sometimes a sad feeling creeps over me, but the thought of home sends a thrill through my heart as nothing else upon earth can. Shall I not be warmly greeted when I arrive there? Two weeks seem like a long time: however, only two more *Sabbaths* will intervene.

3. Left Austinburg to go to my Uncle's in Gustavus. When I came to leave my friends there, I found that they had fastened many a cord around my heart, which could not be sundered without pain. They have been very kind to me, indeed, and I cannot repay them.

4. At Gustavus. Have attended a Sabbath school celebration with uncle and aunt Chamberlain, to-day, in Williamsfield. Am very happy indeed. It is sweet to rest in Jesus. My heart is full of gratitude to God. Latterly I have been rather discouraged, but Christ is my Heavenly Friend still, and I need not fear. I regret that I have not given my verbal testimony to the goodness and loving-kindness of my God while at Uncle L.'s. I must strive to do better in future.

5. Have seldom if ever spent a more delightful day than this. Uncle, aunt, cousin Albert and I left their happy home about ten o'clock this morning to spend the day with friends of my father and mother, in Bristol. Have been greatly interested in them. Every where I go, I am delighted with *somebody*. I should love to be like Mrs. ——. But my mind was too much excited a part of the time.

I had taken a cup of tea, which I seldom if ever do, and though it was half sugar and milk, it made the blood literally *rush* through my veins. I am satisfied it is not good for me. It is too exciting.

But amidst all my happiness here, I am counting the days between me and my home.

7. Received the Oberlin Evangelist, and read in it a letter from dear sister J., which affected me much. Her sufferings are very great, while I am enjoying so much. It made me long for home, to share with Mother her solicitude, and I almost reproached myself for staying away so long. I did not think the time would seem so long to me.

9. At my Uncle Knapp's, in Bloomfield. Took leave of my friends in Gustavus this morning."

During this absence from home, Helen's journal was kept upon loose paper, to which circumstance it is probably owing, that a small portion of it is lost. We find nothing more recorded until some days after her return home.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW MONTHS AT HOME.

JOURNAL.

JULY 17, '49. 'This morning the mournful intelligence reached us, of the death of Mr. Cushman, in Hayti. Between prayers and breakfast I stepped into mother's room and found father opening a letter. Mother remarked, "Bad news, I fear, as the motto on the seal reads, 'One tear of sorrow.''" Father says, "'The worst kind of news—Mr. Cushman is dead.'" Mother groaned aloud, while father proceeded to read the letter. O what a sudden affliction! How mysterious! J. has already, by advice of her missionary friends, closed up the affairs of the mission at St. Marc, left her home and embarked on board a vessel for the United States, and is now only stopping at another port on the same Island, for the vessel to take in a cargo. O that she may reach

us in safety! Sympathizing friends are numerous; they have been constantly calling, and our house has to-day been literally a Bochim. Father has gone to-day to Elyria to telegraph to New-York.

18. Have learned to-day that some ladies whom I much respect, think I have not improved in manners latterly; that I have rather an air of independence and self-confidence, and speak as one having authority; that I say, "It is" so and so, instead of, "*I think it is*" so and so. I had not thought of it, but presume there is too much of this in my appearance. I must overcome it. I have had a good many things lately to bring down my opinion of myself, to make me more humble, meek and lowly. I am invited to visit at —, on Saturday. Will go there from my closet, with the fear of God before my eyes, and try in all things to honor him; will draw the reins tight and guard well my tongue, endeavoring to be neither too forward nor too slow to engage in conversation. Hope the Ladies' Literary Society will do well this year; have been talking about it with some of the members.

21. Have had quite a talk with mother, and

learned that both she and father will be satisfied and pleased, if my acquaintance with Mr. K. should continue on indefinitely. I believe I am willing to follow the direction of Providence, implicitly. If I do, I shall of course have to give up some notions of my own.

Have just heard of the death of Rev. Mr. Lord, under whose pastoral care I sat while in Cincinnati. In the evening he was addressing his church, in the morning he was a corpse—cut down by Cholera. I did not know, till now, how large a place he held in my heart. I shall never again see him on earth, but when I meet him in heaven, I will tell him how I loved him as a spiritual instructor.

22. God blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it. The dullest eye and the hardest heart might see and feel that God's blessing rested on such a day as this. Have been very happy in reflecting on Christ's fulness and readiness to pardon and accept. Have been thinking to-day of Cincinnati—of the fearful ravages of the cholera there, of the hundreds who are suddenly cut down unprepared. O that I had done more while there, for the salvation of souls !

Prof. Finney has been preaching from this text—"Let the peace of God dwell in your hearts." He said that peace was the result of perfect submission and faith in God. He said that the soul must be satisfied to occupy just the niche which the providence of God has carved out for it. His prayer was exceedingly interesting to me, more so than usual. He referred to Mr. Cushman's death and prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon his bereaved widow. Father preached in the afternoon upon the doctrine of election, and said we must learn God's eternal purposes from his actual doings, and showed that his doings for the salvation of sinners are given us in the parable of the king who made a great supper and invited all to come and partake; but when his invitations were slighted and despised, he sent out his servants into the highways and hedges to compel them to come in.

When shall we hear from Josephine? The vessel in which she embarked, and which has been long expected, has not yet been heard from. I have more faith to-day to believe we shall yet see her, than I have had.

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

23. Spent the morning in assisting about house, and enjoyed it much; then made some calls and spent the afternoon with my dear friend L. M. She is a lovely girl indeed, but does not enjoy the presence of the Savior as I wish she did. As I look back over the day, I see nothing for which to condemn myself;—the grace of God has assisted me, I believe.

25. Attended our Bible Class Sewing Circle this afternoon. Mr. K., our teacher, was there, and read to us; had an interesting time. We are all very anxious about Josephine as we hear nothing from her yet. Mother is much distressed about her, and her solicitude is seriously affecting her health. I have just been down to her room, talking wth her and trying to comfort her. I would do anything to make her happy.

29. Sabbath. No news from J. yet. Mr. Finney preached from these words—"How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only?" He spoke of a natural love of approbation which is not sinful in itself, and also of that inordinate love of approbation which would lead a person to be greatly

distressed if his reputation were likely to suffer in the eyes of men, when the displeasure of God was hardly thought of. I felt condemned. I could think of a good many instances in which I had been more anxious for the approbation of men than of God; but do not believe I shall again suffer myself to be affected in that way, now my eyes are open to it. For a little while I felt almost discouraged, it seemed so difficult to live just right always, but when I thought of the sacrifice Christ had made for me, I felt as though *nothing* was hard. His grace is sufficient for me. I am resolved this week to strive to forget self, and to live with a single eye to his glory. May this be before my mind, from day to day and from hour to hour.

Father preached in the afternoon upon the judgments of God. I felt as though it was as solemn a thing to live as to die. Read a sermon of Father's on retrenchment. I hardly know my duty in this matter. Perhaps I may judge of it somewhat by the practices of those around me in whose Christian character I have great confidence. I do not know. I am satisfied I ought not to dress so as to attract obser-

vation, but to be neat, tidy, simple, and tasteful in my dress.

I think a great deal lately about the self-denying labor of that dear good man, Rev. Horace Bushnell, who spends his whole time in doing good among the poor, the degraded, the sick, and the dying, in Cincinnati.

Another subject which has lately been placed before my mind is that of my future connexions in life. I have formerly had some wrong notions, because the ideal in my mind's eye was a wrong one; but those notions have now vanished, as I have in the fear and love of God, changed my ideal. My own spiritual welfare must be considered in this, as well as in other things. The Lord will direct. I am determined to live for God in Christ, his grace assisting.

Aug. 1. Father and mother went to Elyria to-day to telegraph to New-York. We get no news yet.

Aug. 4. We have to-day received intelligence from Josephine, through Mr. Harned, the agent of the A. M. A. She has arrived in New-York, though in feeble health. We shall

undoubtedly see her again. God has not forgotten to be gracious.

5. After meeting to-day, called the children together for conversation and prayer. Each one of them prayed. It was affecting to hear them pray for J. They proposed meeting me every night. That is not possible.

After talking with mother some time, went into Minerva's room, and with her witnessed one of the grandest and loveliest scenes in nature. The moon had just risen, and was casting its silvery light on the fleecy clouds which lay around it. At the same time a heavy storm was rising and rapidly spreading over the western sky. There were three broad bands of light cast by the moon on the advancing cloud. We watched its progress, until the dark folds of the cloudy curtain had fallen over the fair face of the moon, and I felt sad, as at the absence of a dear friend.

6. Spent some time to-day with a number of young ladies and gentlemen, wreathing flowers and evergreens to decorate the chapel, for the Anniversary of the Lyceum. In the afternoon received a letter from Josephine, to our great joy. Evening, attended the Lyceum,

and was much interested. O that all these young men might one day lift up their voices upon heathen shores !

7. Father having proposed an excursion to the lake, we all left our happy home this morning, to spend a few hours on the shore of the beautiful Erie. Father, mother and the little girls occupied one carriage, while I rode with my five brothers in the other. C. said it was a "*nest* of brothers with a sister in it." We had an exceedingly interesting time, and returned in the edge of the evening.

9. Spent some time with my dear friend Lucy. How much I love her. 'There is a sincerity about her, which attracts my heart toward her. I am thankful I have just such a friend. It is a blessing to me. O that I may do her soul good ! Prof. Fairchild preached the usual Thursday lecture, which was excellent.

10. My eighteenth birth-day has rolled around. The goodness and mercy of God to me, demand unceasing songs of praise. His ways are indeed past finding out. He has watched over me with more than a father's care and a mother's love. All I can do for

him will be but a poor return. Brother read to me all the morning, and at 11 o'clock I attended Prof. Finney's lecture.

When I sat down to dinner, my surprise was great and my joy still greater. I had not thought of birth-day presents, but my plate was heaped full—a napkin spread over them. The blood rushed to my cheeks in a moment. First, I found a new gold pen from father, with which I am now writing. I told him it should never write anything he would disapprove. May it be employed as an instrument of good in its own small way. The name of each member of the family was upon some little token of love and interest. Everything betokened mother's kind and skillful hand, in advising and arranging. O, a king in all his pomp and glory, is not so happy as I. O, may I be able to do some good to each one of the dear home circle, and live forgetful of self.

In the afternoon brother C. invited me with the other children, out on a blackberrying excursion. We had a delightful time. All were mirthful and lively. C. is a very kind brother to me; I enjoy his company much. In the evening, I received several calls of congratu-

lation, from those who happened to know of my coming "of age," as it is termed. Before retiring, I heartily committed the events of the coming year of my life into the hands of my Heavenly Father, thanking him for his past goodness, and imploring his continued protection and blessing.

11. Have spent all my spare time to-day, at work upon a shell basket, which I design for a present to my lovely friend, Lucy. Finally finished and sent it. O how I love her! She knows my heart, and I believe I know hers. Afternoon attended young ladies' prayer meeting, and after tea, called upon a poor family a little out of the village. The woman is not a Christian, and manifests a very bad spirit. Tried to interest her little children, who are very pretty, and urged her to become a follower of Christ. Have spent this whole week in peace with God.

12. Sabbath. Have heard a sermon by Prof. Finney, and an address by Mr. Evarts, but have not been able to control my thoughts as I could wish. O, I must have another baptism of the Spirit. Have had a pleasant prayer meeting with the children.

13. How much patience it requires to practice music steadily enough to make good proficiency. I am endeavoring to apply myself to it faithfully. This afternoon I have attended a meeting of the Society of Inquiry. Father gave them an address upon the subject of Modern Infidelity. In the evening C. received a letter from sister J. She is spending some time with the relatives of her deceased husband in New England. Her health is improving.

I had a very pleasant call from Mr. H. He spoke freely about the state of his soul—said he was not fit to be a minister. I told him that he was certainly then not fit to fill any other station; to which he assented. How I wish he might feel the power of renewing grace. I felt happy as I retired; happy in having given my testimony for Christ. My prayer is, that the few words spoken in weakness, may be attended with power.

14. This afternoon, attended a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. We had an excellent address from Mr. Kendall. I joined the Society, and am determined to be an active member. I became convinced, while visiting

in Austinburg, with Miss M. C., that I had never felt for "those in bonds, as bound with them," and hence had had too little life and energy in the cause.

16. Received a long call from Mr. W., in behalf of Mr. K., who would not pay his addresses to me personally, until assured that he should not be interfering with the rights of another. This assurance was given. I do feel, and have for a long time felt, a strong desire to become a missionary, and am determined to control my affections, and listen to no proposals which would interfere with the fulfilment of this desire. As it regards the two individuals now before my mind, one I will endeavor to look upon merely with gratitude for his brotherly kindness to me, and the other, as my Bible class teacher, interested in my spirituality as in that of each member of the class. Hope the subject will not be pressed farther at present. I leave the whole matter with my Heavenly Father, and trust him most fully. I am perfectly sure that he will bring all my affairs to a right issue, and that he will answer my prayers and make me useful, and consequently happy. If I can, my Heavenly Father, pro-

mote the ends thou hast in view, in one way better than another, then direct me into that way.

17. My dear friend Clara and I accompanied brother C. to-day on a botanical excursion. How much I do enjoy his society. My heart is continually praising God and ever and anon it *overflows* with gratitude for the various blessings showered upon me. As I sit quietly with mother in her room, as I look at my dear brothers and sisters, as C. reads some beautiful work to me, while I sit or ride with him; as I receive friends and enjoy their society, as I listen to the patter of the rain, and reflect that God sends it; each one separately and all combined, fill my heart with delight. But more than all do I thank him that he permits me to grow in grace. O that not a cloud may ever darken my brow, but that kindness, meekness, and lowliness may ever diffuse their radiance there.

19. Sabbath. Mother not well to-day. Unable to attend to her usual morning's employment, which of course naturally fell upon me, and, in addition to waiting upon company, kept me so busy that I had but a few minutes' time to pray, before Sabbath School; but all

was right, as I was in the path of duty. Sabbath School was interesting. Mr. Bateham, of Columbus, gave an address. Prof. Finney preached, but my mind was wandering. I made some effort to control it, but did not succeed. Naturally, I love to let my mind run thus, but it is not right. I saw this finally, and resolved, (looking to the Lord for aid,) to put it entirely away, and succeeded, and was troubled with it no more. God blessed my soul greatly last week, and now I will trust him for the week that is to come. I am not anxious about any but spiritual blessings. Any thing which will best promote my spirituality, even though it be severe trials, I shall regard as a blessing. I would not dare to mark out the way in which God shall honor himself through me. If I were to be a washer-woman, or spend my life upon a sick bed, I would still love and serve him. This is the present feeling of my heart and the determination of my will, though while blessings innumerable are showered upon me, I do not always act up to it. The strong desire of my heart is to live in the bosom of Christ, each day of the coming week. But the children are calling me to prayermeeting.

20. Mother is still quite out of health. I have been helping her some. Read with C. awhile. Visited our orchard with father. It is a delightful place. We are now enjoying some delicious plums—the fruit of his labor. The earth is full of the goodness of God.

22. Commencement day. I have attended the public exercises, and have been unusually interested, and naturally enough too, as I studied so long with the present graduating class. Prof. Morgan's address to them was very fine. In the evening, accepted an invitation to a small party, at Mr. I.'s. Pleasant company, but wish I had taken a little different course in some respects.

Have procured my books and am preparing to study the coming term.

23. Met with the other young ladies at the Assembly Room, and listened to an address from Mrs. Burke. Rode out with mother, and received a letter from Josephine. Visited with a few friends in the evening, at Mr. B.'s.

LETTER TO J. C.

August 24, 1849.

DEAR SISTER JOSEPHINE—

Five days have passed since I wrote the above date, and I again take my pen to express to you a *little* of the interest I feel in you and your circumstances. Interruption by company and pressure of study have kept me from it since I received yours.

I have watched with intense interest every step in your progress through the furnace of affliction. Anxiety for you, and consequent supplication in your behalf, and thanksgiving and praise, have followed each other in quick succession.

Dear J., I do feel that words are entirely inadequate to express the deep feelings of my heart towards you, and therefore I rejoice the more in the prospect of soon seeing you, and personally endeavoring to promote your happiness; for “actions speak louder than words.” It does seem hardly possible that we shall be together again, “yet life is oft, so like a dream.” How blessed it is to trust all our affairs in the hands of One whose wisdom is infinite, while ours is such perfect folly.

Thank you for your letter to me. It is a real comfort to be able to say, in answer to inquirers, Yes, I received a letter from her on Friday. It is a sort of text-book — an uncommonly interesting one — to which I often refer, and from which I relate much every day.

If there is one “hour of peaceful rest,” more emphatically so than any other, it is the hour on Sabbath evening when the children assemble in my room for prayer. At those times I have heard prayers enough for you to affect the heart of even an unjust judge, and how much more, then, that of an infinitely interested and loving Father.

But I must hasten to give you a little idea of my present occupations. A year has passed since I studied much, and during that time I have been absent from home more than seven months. Since my return from Cincinnati, I have visited nearly seven weeks in Austinburg, Painesville and Gustavus. Now I have commenced study with the Senior class. Prof. Monroe is our teacher, and a better one we could not ask.

Mother is quite out of health. Our family seems small now as there are only eleven of

us all, though we generally have more or less company. Charles is teaching Greek and Latin as usual; is now appointed Tutor in College. O, I enjoy my home; *how much* I cannot tell. Every hour some new blessing comes up, demanding new songs of praise. By and by I expect to add your arrival to my list of mercies. I hope you remember me at the throne of grace. I regard prayer for friends as one of the greatest blessings a Christian can bestow.

Your affectionate

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

August 26. Sabbath. Attended Sabbath school and meeting as usual. Spent but few minutes in the children's prayer-meeting. I need great grace to keep me in the strait and narrow way.

27. Have just read the few last verses of the 9th of Mark, and my heart was filled with love to Him whose words they were. But there is a kind of sadness and loneliness in my heart to-night—a curious commingling of elements. I am happy and yet sad, anxious and yet at rest. The explanation is, my feelings

and judgment are at variance in a certain matter. Well, let the Lord direct.

28. An interesting visit from Dr. Bushnell and wife, of Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitch. Dr. B. urges me to spend next winter in Cincinnati—says he will procure me a school if I will give him timely notice. If the providence of God should point in that direction, my feelings, I am sure, will harmonize with it. “Let the will of the Lord be done,” is my conclusion to all questions of this sort, and indeed of every sort. I find it very difficult to confine my mind to study, it has been so long roaming at large. Hope to get accustomed to it soon.

31. My anxieties and trials of mind continue. I have surely taken such a course as to lose one valuable friend, and yet I have been conscientious, and have acted according to the dictates of my judgment. My feelings rebel, but I must stifle them. Mr. K. is coming soon to have an interview with mother. O, I need grace and divine direction.

Sept. 3. Hope Josephine will soon be here, and be settled quietly with me in our own room, as in former days. C. has just come in, bring-

ing a letter from her. She probably leaves Massachusetts for home this very day. O shall we not be glad, glad, glad!

5. Father and mother are to go to Cleveland to-morrow, to meet J. Mr. K. called and spent some time with mother, and a long time after he left, I went down to her room to make enquiries. She related the conversation fully. She advises me to feel free and unconstrained in his company, as usual, and to take such a course as the circumstances and my own good sense shall direct. I desire only to follow the will of God. *Perhaps* I shall become interested in him, and be happy; and am *sure* I can be happy in having the matter proceed no farther. He expected mother to converse with me about it. Of course it will be difficult for me to appear perfectly natural and easy, as I meet with him in my classes from day to day; but I will try.

6. Bigelow has accompanied father and mother to Cleveland, and Charles is absent too. O how lonesome! The care devolves on me, but the children are good as they can be.

7. Attended recitations as usual. Received a letter from Mr. K. Very good indeed. Read

it to C., who raised some queries. The children, who had been on the look-out ever since 4 o'clock, now raised the cry—"They are coming! they are coming!" Sure enough. We all ran down to the gate and welcomed—Josephine! My joy was so great that my heart literally *bounded*, and I could not keep it still. O, I shall not attempt to describe the general rejoicing. For an hour or two we continued to receive calls, and then with thankful hearts retired to rest.

8. Mother read my letter from Mr. K., and liked it; but toward night I felt strongly inclined to end the whole matter with a simple negative. Mr. K. called to see Josephine. I enjoy her arrival even more than I anticipated.

9. A delightful Sabbath. Listened all the morning to conversation between father and J. Prof. Morgan and Prof. Thome preached. I am very happy. Blessings are multiplied around my path. May I not be ungrateful.

10. Went out into our orchard to write my composition. Finished it, and answered Mr. K.'s letter as follows:

MR. KENDALL—

Sir: I find that my heart prompts me to devote every moment and every thought I can spare from study, to my sister Josephine; hence I will only say to-night, I am not *opposed* to a farther acquaintance.

With esteem,

HELEN.

15. I am very happy in Christ to-night. Last night in a season of prayer with J., she prayed for me and for herself with most remarkable earnestness. I am very anxious to make her happy. Mother's health is still very feeble.

16. Have this evening enjoyed the privilege of reading some of J.'s journal, kept while on missionary ground. It was intensely interesting. I read and read till 10 o'clock. I can understand some of her feelings perfectly. How thankful I am that she is here in safety. I do indeed desire to make her life here as pleasant as possible.

21. Received a call from Mr. K.—a very pleasant one. I am glad to obtain a little more knowledge of his ways, habits, thoughts, and ideas. Am so far, well pleased—much better

than I expected to be. Not that I doubted his being *just right*, but I doubted whether every thing would correspond with *my taste*.

23. Have been talking with sister J. about the sickness and death of her dear husband. She does not often speak of it, but feels her loss more and more deeply. I have to-night renewed my consecration to Christ.

30. Sabbath. Father preached all day. I had a happy season in the afternoon. Never felt my dependence on God more deeply than now.

October 3. C. and J. have engaged to teach the winter school here during the vacation. In the afternoon Mrs. Hill met our class for prayer and religious conversation. But few present. She is deeply earnest in her endeavors to benefit us spiritually.

LETTER TO C. P.

OBERLIN, Oct. 6, 1849.

MY DEAR CLARA —

We all want to hear from you. I have expected and waited and watched. I have inquired of one and another and have been inquired of, but in vain. We fear sickness has overtaken you. Can you not let us know, in some

way? Not a day has passed for a long time, but I have thought—"Well, if I cannot know how she is, our Heavenly Father knows, and I will pray him to watch over her, and bless her." Dear Clara, I love to commit those who are dear to me into Christ's hands, and to think that perhaps my prayers may add at least a drop to their happiness. Christ is still dear to my heart, my counsellor and my friend. My blessings are so much greater than I deserve that I almost fear, while enjoying them, that they will prove a curse—that I shall sin by ingratitude. I am now enjoying Josephine's society—and enjoyment it is.

Don't you remember remarking that I should find some one in our present class to take your place in my heart? I often think of it—and ask myself—which? I love them all, but there is not one "Clara." I enjoy study very much this term, and who would not, with Prof. Monroe for a teacher? Now, if you are able, will you not answer this immediately? But if you are not, don't try. There is nothing in it worthy of an answer;—only, we want to hear from you.

Your own friend,

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

11. Attended a party at the invitation and at the rooms of our Principal, Mrs. Burke. Found it an excellent place to watch developments of character.

13. Sabbath. Mr. Fitch, our Superintendent, proposed to me to take a class in the Sabbath-school and teach it permanently. I was very thankful for the opportunity. I bless the Lord for all his goodness to me; I am learning more and more of him.

14. Tried writing composition to-day till too late to do anything else, stayed away from dinner, and finally went to class unprepared. Uncle and aunt Marshall, who are visiting here, accompanied me. Several things occurred to try me, and I yielded to a wrong spirit. After I returned home, came up stairs and poured out my soul before God—laid every recess open to his eye. Felt my dependence on him more than ever to keep me from temptation.

16. Mr. K.'s health is not good. Many think he will soon go into a decline. In the evening I sat a long time thinking—thinking—thinking of the future. Well, if he dies young,

he will have accomplished more than many do in a *long* life. I felt that it would be a privilege to add to his happiness while his life is spared. Still I am not certain how benevolent I should be, when put to the test. If he were to die, there would be another cord to draw my soul heavenward. But he will live, I believe, many years to do good in the world. He is surely a man of God—it is good for my spiritual life to be in his society. I recommit all my interests and the interests of all dear to me into the hands of my Heavenly Father.

21. Taught my Sabbath-school class. Six present. Father preached. I read Madame Guyon all the time I had.

23. I talk of teaching during the coming winter vacation. I want to go where I can do the most good. Where is the place? Trust my Heavenly Father to direct me. Shall probably be examined for school-teaching to-morrow. My studies, my music, and my sewing keep me pretty busy, but occasionally I fall into a kind of reverie and drop all for a time. We are now reviewing our studies and enjoying it much. O, how anxious I am that my influence may be good upon all with whom I associate.

I do not think enough of Christ. My relations to him are not so steadily before my mind as they ought to be. I will make this a subject of prayer.

26. Passed examination for school-teaching.

November 1. Father preached the usual Thursday lecture. Jesus drew my soul very near to him. Spent the evening with C. J. and M. at Mr. Wyett's.

2. At 2 o'clock attended the funeral of F. Jennings; at four went to the meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society. Brother B. read an article on the Haytien missions.

4. Sabbath. Went to my Sabbath-school class with some fear, feeling that I had not done all my duty. Thought I should not be able to *say* anything, or if I did, that it would be merely *words*. Looked to Christ for assistance, and succeeded very well. Missionary meeting in the evening. Mr. K. read an account of the missions among the Nestorians.

6. Went out to La Porte with quite a number of students to attend the wedding of H. Hall and Miss Brooks, missionaries to Jamaica. It was an interesting occasion. After my return, father called me into his study to see a

man who wished to engage me as a school-teacher. It is to be a select school, and a very small one. I rather believe that, with divine aid, I can do well. Have studied some to-day, but my mind must be occupied about this school.

10. Have had a visit with Mr. K. Am not sure as yet what I ought to do in this matter. It seems to me now that the providence of God is favoring it. I trust him to lead my mind to a right decision. I could not be better satisfied than I am that he cares for and watches over all my interests. I expect he will order *this* so as to promote my highest good, for I know that I ask him in all sincerity to direct it to such an issue as he sees wise and best, and I know also that Mr. K. prays for the same. Now if I could but know that he (Mr. K.) had ever felt the slightest regret that he had gone so far in the matter, how quick and how clearly *that* would shew me my duty. I have almost wished lately to tell him to regard himself as perfectly free as if nothing had passed between us; but as I shall not see him much more before I leave, I dare not run the risk of hurting his feelings by suggesting it. I will continue to trust the Lord.

11. Exceedingly happy in my mind. Query—Does my spiritual enjoyment depend upon my situation and circumstances? If it does in any measure, I reflect that *these* too are ordered by the Lord in infinite wisdom and love. I want to be a blessing to all around, and especially to our family while I am at home. I *must* be. But it cannot be without care, pains-taking, and earnest desire. O, what a deep work of grace I need in my heart to prepare me for my winter's labors. Well, Christ is sufficient, and my faith is strong. I not only pray him to go with and aid me, but to go before me and prepare the way. I pray that Christ will impress on my mind this week his ability and readiness to help those who trust him. I have sometimes thought too much of my own strength, and in this have been wrong—all wrong. His presence must be more of a reality to me. I must have a richer baptism, so that all shall see that Christ is in me. I look to him to forgive all that has been wrong in me. How much he has already forgiven! I come anew to-night and consecrate my all to him. I am anxious that my Sabbath school class should feel the power of the Spirit

of God. I want to learn more about Christ before another Sabbath. Life is too short to spare a day without learning some new spiritual lesson.

12. Have not been conscious to-day of any thing wrong in word or deed. For this I give thanks to my Heavenly Father, who has shielded me from all sore temptation and filled my cup to overflowing with blessings. Not a shadow of doubt flits across my mind with regard to my circumstances or situation the coming winter. All things will work as Christ would have them, or he will *overrule* all for the highest good. I fear not. I love to leave all in Christ's hands, praying that he will prepare me for all that he would have me do. I must learn to forget self. I must have a more thorough knowledge of the Bible.

13. Attended recitations as usual, and between them our class engaged in lively play, for exercise, a few minutes. When the Professor entered, I rather feared he was displeased, but do not know. Went home and listened while Charles read to me an account of Southey's life and character. He was remarkable as a book-worm; *lived* in his library. At 2

o'clock J. and I visited the select school, which interested me much and made me feel in haste to be in my own. At three, attended Mrs. Burke's lecture, which was excellent. Evening, enjoyed a feast in hearing Father, C., and S. sing together. I enjoy reading the Bible very much. Must be very busy, as I am to leave so soon.

14. I do not think of anything I have done to-day which I regret. Am thankful to God for restraining grace.

16. Went with my class to Mrs. Hill's prayer-meeting. At four the Sewing Circle met in our parlor. Reading by Mr. Kendall, as usual. Spent an hour with him in the evening, and said to him what I wished to say last week. It was well received.

17. Attended Juvenile missionary meeting. Brother J. read a report on the Mendi mission. Father has been out shopping with me, and furnished me with everything I want for the winter, and mother is assisting me in my necessary work. How many mercies I am daily receiving.

18. Sabbath. Taught my class, as usual. Attended church and children's prayer-meeting.

B. is not quite happy in his mind to-day. O, how *dear* these brothers and sisters are to me. I have not made as much spiritual progress for a few days as I wish I had, yet the week has not been without profit. I feel my dependence on Christ, and must keep at the foot of the cross.

19. I received a letter from Mr. K., which brought matters to a crisis; but I was still irresolute. Have been consulting parents. They, as well as J., think highly of him, and will not withhold their consent, if I am satisfied myself. My feelings were favorable, but when the time came for me to meet him, I had only two or three thoughts ready;—but to make the record short—the question is settled. We are engaged. I trust in Christ. As I have been holding the matter in suspense, I have said often to myself, I could not rest as quietly as I do, were it not for trust in Christ.

20. I am not sent for to my school yet. What can it mean? I have written one or two letters to-day, listened to reading awhile, chatted and played some, but felt disappointed about my school. Was tempted to lose my

patience, hardly recognizing the hand of Him who was overruling and governing all.

22. Have studied and read. J. having gone to Pittsfield for a day or two, I felt a little sad and lonely; but after a season of communion with God in my room in the evening, felt happy.

LETTER TO C. P.

OBERLIN, Nov. 22, 1849.

DEAREST CLARA—

It is a dark and dismal day, but that does not affect me. I am as happy as a bright and joyous spring morning could make me. And all because I have had a real trial—have been sorely tempted, and, through Christ, have gained the victory. Five days I have had my trunk packed, expecting those to call for me who had engaged me to teach. My temptation was to become impatient and cast blame upon somebody. I did not incline to recognize the hand of my Heavenly Father at first, but at length I did and submitted. I then saw how the trial might be converted into a blessing. I am still hourly expecting them. But I am happy to wait as long as is necessary, or to

give it all up. I have already been blest by it and I trust my Savior implicitly. I am teaching for Margaret Wyett just now, as she is ill. Matters in general are going on quietly and prosperously here. Examinations have passed, and the term has closed. Thank you much for your precious letter. It was a very great comfort. Write soon and often.

Yours ever,

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

24. Have visited with Margaret W., who is sick and fears she shall not be able to go on with her school. Was happier than ever before with her; not because she has changed, but because my mind is better prepared to appreciate her society.

25. Taught Margaret's school to-day. Found it pleasant.

26. Sabbath. The past week has been a long one. I can hardly remember Monday. It has been a week of the Lord's special dealings with me. Prof. Morgan preached to-day on the 16th, 17th, and 18th verses of the 3rd chapter of Malachi. It was a precious season. What an unspeakable privilege to hear our

Heavenly Father saying of us, "And they shall be *mine*." How a child loves to hear a parent say—"My own son," or "*my own daughter*." I looked back a little over my journal in the evening. How mercifully the Lord has dealt with me. And what will he do with me or by me the coming week? As this question comes up, I say from the depths of my heart, "Let him do what seemeth him good." I should regard it as a blessing to be permitted to go to my school, but shall be satisfied any way. Prof. M. said, "The eye of faith can see a smiling face behind a frowning providence." Evening, attended a concert of prayer for the oppressed.

27. Have taught to-day in Margaret's school, and enjoyed it much. Have felt full of life and buoyancy. I hear nothing from my school yet, but leave it all with the Lord. Have had a call from Mr. K. Really, I am becoming very happy in this new friendship. I have just begun to appreciate the excellencies of his character.

I wonder if I shall be sent for, to-morrow. Wish I might.

28. Committed all my ways to the Lord

this morning; heartily wishing to go, but happy in staying, if that be his will. If I should not be sent for, I shall wonder what good purpose was to be effected or what evil prevented, by my expectation and disappointment. Perhaps I should not have done good there. But why not? Surely the grace of God is sufficient. Perhaps I have not prayed over it enough.

Have had a more pleasant school than any day before. The dear children have been very good. Whether I go away or stay, I will endeavor to do good. 'The world is to be converted to Christ, and shall I not help in the work? Let me not idle away a moment. Happy season of prayer. Wish I could express how the Lord is blessing me. Wrote a letter and then listened to Charles' reading.

29. Thanksgiving day. How much I have to be thankful for. Every temporal want supplied, living here at my own dear home, kind friends, Josephine with me, a new friend, too, of the Lord's furnishing;—but I can only begin to enumerate my temporal mercies, and then, my cup of *spiritual* blessings has been made to run over.

30. Truly, we know not what a day may bring forth. I am now expecting to go to Sheffield instead of Perrysburg. Have an offer of a school there, which father approves of my accepting. I trust it with the Lord, though I do not understand fully his designs at present.

Dec. 1. Taught M.'s school for the last time. Attended missionary meeting.

2. Sabbath. Have read a good deal to-day, and been much blessed of God.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEACHING SCHOOL IN SHEFFIELD.

JOURNAL.

DEC. 3. I take my pen in Sheffield to-night, almost buried in a feather bed for the sake of keeping warm, as I have no warm room to write in, except the family sitting-room; and O how happy I am. So many blessings. Kind friends here have almost made me forget this evening that I am away from home.

4. As I entered my own room this morning after breakfast, the first longing for home came over me. My heart swelled, and the tears started. O how precious it is to go to Christ with everything. I have faith to believe I shall do well in my school. I already love the dear children.

No blessing asked at table here, but I shall always ask one for myself, but whether to let it be seen or not, I don't know. Christ will

teach me. I must exert myself to do good here this winter. I did not expect to feel such a sense of loneliness as I do. At noon and again at night, when out of school, I have had to exert myself to the utmost to keep back the tears. Could hardly speak, but went to my precious Heavenly Father. I want nearer communion with him than I have ever had. I want to be taught how to govern, how to impart knowledge, and how to gain the love and confidence of both parents and children. While reading the Bible to-night, I felt such a love for its precious truths and for its Author, as I never had before. I am convinced that love to God or to our fellow creatures may be increased by giving it expression. I have always been very much lacking in this thing.

My school-house is the place for public worship, as they have no church edifice. Rev. Mr. Wright is pastor.

5. Have had a pleasant school to-day; have thought a good deal about home and friends, and my Savior too, and am very happy indeed.

6. 'Two of my scholars sick. Have carried their case to God in prayer. How shall I do good here? I must have courage enough to go

contrary to the practices of people whenever I think them wrong. I must stand up for all real reforms. My trust in the Lord is firm as ever, but O my loneliness! How I should rejoice to see home. I am very thankful for the friendship recently formed. I am much happier in it than I expected to be, and more satisfied that it is of the Lord. The winter looks long before me. O what a changeable being I am! Unstable as the wind. One hour sad and lonely, and the next so happy that my heart leaps for joy.

7. Crying again. Understand now the feelings I have heard homesick girls attempt to describe. O, for a letter!

8. Could not eat this morning—almost cried at table. Deep snow. Walked through it to school, Am glad of my high boots. Mr. D. is very kind and so are all the family, and try in every way to make me happy. I like my two homes here very much, and feel somewhat relieved from that oppressive sense of loneliness. I am still surrounded with God's richest mercies and my heart is full of gratitude. I am teaching my girls to sing, and they are progressing finely.

9. This morning I lay awake a long time before rising, thinking of God and seeking his blessing. Before breakfast, read the Bible and had a sweet season of prayer. I cannot express my joy and peace. I will live with God all this winter,—yes, and *always*. But I must do something besides read the Bible and pray. I must do something for the souls around me. I must have spiritual blessings in my school; must not be satisfied with a *little* good, but must be instant in season and out of season. I will ask *great* blessings of God. I want to be an honor to Christ and a joy to holy beings. Have to-day felt my responsibilities in view of mercies received. I must pray—importune God for blessings on my school.

10. New cause of gratitude. Have received two letters from home to-day.

11. All is joyous with me to-day. There is not a shadow left of that awful loneliness. I thank my God for this, but would be willing to live in sorrow all my days, if that would keep me nearer the Savior than joy and happiness would.

12. Found it difficult this morning to keep

up my interest in school, but conquered all my disinclination to it, went on and had a happy day. But earthly happiness must not take me from Christ. O my God! let me not grieve thee. Whenever thou seest me wrong, set me right.

13. A heart full of happiness and thankfulness. I see Christ's guiding hand aiding and directing me in my school.

In conversation with one of my older scholars to-day, have become satisfied that she thinks I am too buoyant and mirthful in school, and do not keep them still enough. I am thankful for a hint of this sort. I believe it has come in answer to my prayers. Henceforward I will try to keep them stiller, and be more sober myself. O for grace to save souls!

15. Rose early, and had a long, uninterrupted season of prayer. Have felt a good deal of trial lately, in determining which of two places to make my principal home. Both are willing and even desirous to have me come. Under the circumstances I felt unwilling to decide the matter myself, and in great kindness to me, the LORD has decided it by his provi-

dence. This gives more strength to my faith. I believe I may always be directed.

16. Sabbath. While in meeting to-day, I suffered my mind to run on an imaginary visit to my home, and the reflection upon this, added to my doubts about the rightfulness of writing to my friend Lucy after meeting, (though what I wrote was chiefly upon religious subjects,) distressed me, and made me fear that guilt rested upon my soul. But I have carried all to Christ, and trust he will shew me the extent of the sin. I must not, will not, suffer anything to come between him and my soul.

17. I have been considering the case of some here who are in their sins. O that I may fearlessly present before them the dreadful state of those who know their duty and do it not.

18. O how pleasant my school is becoming. The children are very affectionate towards me, and faithful in their studies.

19. I am daily receiving great spiritual blessings from the bountiful hand of my Heavenly Father. Tarried at the school-house till nearly dark, for prayer. In the evening, talked with J. about his soul. Hope the words may not prove to be like seed sown upon stony

ground. I really long for another letter from home. My heart goes out in earnest prayer for my dear friends there.

I do not feel perfectly well to-night.

20. Have had a most blessed day. Whenever my needs are greatest, then grace most abounds. I have new scholars almost every day. Had a trying time at noon, the boys inclined to be so noisy; but I asked and received wisdom from above. His grace is sufficient for me.

24. Was really tired last night, but feel rested now. Have had a good school to-day. After supper helped M. do up the work; then we sung and had a real merry time. Mr. D. came and surprised me with two letters. O, were they not welcome! Have had a hard toothache and pain in my face from getting my clothes drabbled with snow last night. Another snow-storm to-day. Mr. D. came for me with an umbrella and sleigh. My Father's hand is showering blessings on my unworthy head, and my heart is full of gratitude. How precious those letters are.

26. Had a large company to Christmas supper at Mr. B.'s yesterday. Am very tired

to-night, having had a very full school. Had a blessed season of prayer at noon. How I love to trust God.

27. Pleasant to-day without and within. Am not tired at all. It interests me greatly to see the proficiency my scholars are making in their studies, and I thank my precious Jesus who blesses my labors. Took a walk on the hills with my school girls this noon. Should love to visit home on Saturday.

30. Mr. W. preaches well and is heartily devoted to doing good. Hope I do not offend God by neglecting to speak pointedly to those who are out of Christ, but a great deal older than I am. I feel for their souls, pray for them, and watch for opportunities of talking with them upon personal religion; but perhaps I ought to seize the first opportunity, whether a good one or not.

31. Have had a pleasant day in school, but find little chance for praying alone these cold days. I trust the Lord, and he keeps me in perfect peace. Letters to-night from mother and the children. I think — yes, I know that the family here love me, if actions are any criterion by which to judge. O, how I long

for the good of their souls. I should love to tell them that I pray for them if it was wise to say it. It is the Lord who inclines their hearts towards me, and I thank him for it.

I have been looking back over my life and asking myself what I was at the age of twelve. I could not possibly describe myself. Really I had hardly begun to live. What a change since then. Surely I ought to be willing to lay down my life for Him who has brought about this change.

January 1, 1850. A delightful morning. The year opens beautifully. May it be a year of great spiritual blessings to the world. My heart is full of gratitude for the blessings I now enjoy. Have a warm room this morning without interruption.

Evening. I love to look up and say from the depths of my heart, "My Father." O, how blessed that he can be with me everywhere. Have been thinking of death. "I would not live always." I am ready and willing to go whenever my Savior shall call.

3. Had a blessed time alone with God this morning before school. I have prayed that, if consistent with his will, I might go home next

Saturday for a visit, and I trust I shall be allowed to do so. Hope the weather will continue good. I do not cough as much as I did a few days ago.

4. The first thought this morning was, "Only one more night before I go home; and I was childish enough to clap my hands for joy. If, however, I should be prevented from going by storms or anything else, I know I shall be happy, for God's hand will be in it, and he is love.

5. Taught in the morning, and at noon prepared for home. Miss D. accompanied me. A fine ride, and a thankful heart. Could hardly bear to wait in Elyria to get warm. Rode home in a short time, and found the family at supper. O how good *home* is! We immediately sat down to family worship. How sweet the music sounded. Visited with all the folks a while, then went with J. to our own room. Retired late, but happy.

6. Attended church in Oberlin again. Prof. Morgan preached from this text: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Communion season in the afternoon. Had an interesting time at our

family prayer meeting. Two of our young lady boarders think they have given their hearts to the Lord to-day.

7. Spent the forenoon happily, and at two o'clock set out on my return to Sheffield. A pleasant and comfortable ride.

8. School much as usual. Love my friends more than ever. A little sad to-night, though not homesick. Am perfectly sure that Christ listens to my prayers.

9. Last night I was rather tired and discouraged, but this morning have cast all my care on Him who careth for me, and went to school praying for wisdom for myself, and the influences of the Spirit of God among my scholars, and he answered my prayers. How valuable are religious exercises in school. They strengthen me, sweeten my temper, and exert a controlling influence over the children. I am somewhat tired; must retire early and get well rested for my labors to-morrow. I am alone with God. He is all my salvation and all my desire. How can I be thankful enough that I am not left to hardness of heart; that I love God, my Heavenly Father.

10. Went to school depending entirely on Christ. All goes on well. When I come from school at night is the time to long for letters from home. Ironed my own clothes to-night and felt tired. Lay down on the bed for a few minutes, and slept till nine o'clock. K. now reads her Bible before she retires at night, and this evening left the room a short time—for prayer I hope.

12. Another week's work is done. O how I feel the responsibility of my school in its present state. But I cast all upon Christ. He is able and willing to aid me. He loves me. He says he has loved us as the Father has loved him. Have spent the evening in writing and preparing for the Sabbath.

13. Enjoyed great peace to-day. Endeavored to do good to the souls of the family.

14. A beautiful morning; and how full of happiness is my heart. H. is converted. Last evening, when I talked with her about the state of her soul, I found she was already deeply convicted of sin and in great anxiety. I tried to lead her to Christ, prayed with her and urged her to pray for herself, if it were but the prayer of the Publican. She complied, and,

after a long silence, said again, "O Lord! teach me to love thee with all my heart, and mind, and strength." I entreated her to come quite to Christ, and give herself up entirely to him. At length she said, "I have done it. I have done it." "Have you indeed given your heart to God?" I asked. "Yes, I have," she answered. O how full of joy and thankfulness was my heart! How entirely has it been the work of the Lord. Let him be praised. What a reproof to unbelief and encouragement to faith. She will need great grace, for she is under unfavorable circumstances. She must stand by faith. She says she had not suspected what a change she should feel in her heart. She had often read in the Testament what she must do to be saved, but never understood it before. Am boarding at Mr. B.'s now, a pleasant place. I shall have a room alone. Would like to write more but being at a new place must talk and knit.

15. Prayed for a pleasant school to-day and have had it. Teaching school and having children around me all the time is a real discipline. How I should enjoy one day alone—all alone. I believe K. will be converted this winter.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

SHEFFIELD, Jan. 15, '50.

DEAREST MOTHER—

While I should enjoy nothing better than to write a *long* time to you, I am so situated at this time as to be unable to do so. It seems a long time since I was one of your happy number. Last week was rather a difficult one; I became very tired every night. The responsibility of the school is constantly increasing, and the large boys occasioned me much anxiety; but they do better now. I can see that the Lord is aiding me in the management of the school, and I can never thank him enough for it. It is much easier and pleasanter this week than it was last. Thirty-two or thirty-three usually present. They all say it is larger than they expected. But I have glad tidings of great joy to tell you. One of my older scholars is converted. I am the more sure it is a genuine work of grace, as it is so evidently the work of God. She is sixteen years of age. I am daily looking for the conversion of another one, near her own age—a pleasant, intelligent girl—though she has said

nothing to me like it. I have spoken a few words to her, and I believe the Spirit of the Lord is operating upon her heart. I love these girls very much, and believe they reciprocate my love. I thank the Lord for *that*, for it is he who inclines their hearts toward me. I used to think, dear parents, that I had never been called upon to deny myself for Christ, but I cannot say that now. I not only long for the rest and comfort of home, but I long for as much as *one* whole day to myself. But for Christ's sake and the good of souls, I am willing and *glad* to deny myself these enjoyments. Indeed, I look upon it as a precious privilege to labor thus in his vineyard. Some of the people here speak of a *four months'* school.

But I am not quite well. To-night have a pain in my chest and through between my shoulders; the effect of a little cold, I think. There has been so much snow that my high boots have been very useful.

How absence from home calls out all the strength of my affection for you. After I get home from school at night, such a longing for a word of love from home comes over me as I cannot describe. I rather think teaching is

better than study for cultivating the affections. My love for the children helps me greatly in my labors. I really believe I feel some of the partiality of a parent for them. How are those young converts who board at our house progressing? Much love to all the family.

Your loving daughter, HELEN.

JOURNAL.

Jan. 16. I have written and sent away two letters to-day. My school has been very still. I have a pleasant boarding-place. Am quite sleepy to-night and have a pain in my shoulder. A cough troubles me some.

18. Happy, happy indeed. My Heavenly Father is watching over me; I can see his kind hand daily and hourly. Love my school-girls very much. All are kind, exceedingly kind.

20. Snowing to-day. Good sleighing. H. stands fast in the faith yet. I have been to Bible class, but coughed continually; at length became sick at the stomach, and got excused. Felt quite unwell, and took some of their "Painkiller." My head aches and burns, and cold chills chase each other over my frame continually.

21. Much better to-day. A pleasant school. Returning from school at night, Maria D. came out and asked me to come in and hear her recite a lesson. I saw by the children's smiling faces and the table neatly spread, that they had planned to keep me to supper. Four letters were handed me. Welcome messengers, filled with words of love. But father's and mother's letter surprised me greatly. They have decided in consequence of my cough and the pain in my shoulder which I just mentioned once, that I must not remain here longer, but leave and come home immediately. But I thought, How can I? It *cannot* be duty. No one can step into my place in the school or in the hearts of the children. O how much excited I felt. I have written them a strong remonstrance already, and now pray that God will direct them in their answer to my letter. I will rest it in his hands. What if I should have to go? Leave H. and K. and all of them!

LETTER TO PARENTS.

January 21.

DEAR PARENTS—

Your welcome letter brought me some trial, as you may well imagine. Can it be best for

me to leave my dear school? How can I do it? The evening I wrote that letter I was uncommonly tired, had walked some distance and felt that pain in the chest I spoke of, which is by no means common. Now I am better; my school is prosperous; God is working by his Spirit on the hearts of many, convicting them of sin, and preparing them to be wrought upon by words of love, exhortation and encouragement. Then there is H. who has given herself to the Lord—my heart yearns over her; she needs and seems to value my words of advice and hope, or rather those which Christ puts into my mouth. There is no one to whom she would open her heart so freely. When I think of staying, all looks hopeful; but O, I dread to leave. Can it be best? It does seem to me that the risk of injury to my health will be as nothing, compared with the injury elsewhere. I will take a good deal more pains to protect my health than I have done, though I do not feel greatly to blame for the past. Mrs. B. gave me, while at her house, that which helped my cough immediately, and I have now sent for more. I can stay at Mr. Day's all the time, and they offer to carry me to school and back

every day; or I can board at Mr. Wright's, only a few steps from the school-house. Mr. Day is now in Elyria, and the family are about writing him to bring me some very excellent cough-drops. I shall not sleep any more in that very cold room you warned me against. I am anxious to do the will of God, and am strongly inclined to believe he would have me stay. I believe my cough may be relieved. Do let us pray that God would bless the means we are about using, so that I may stay the five weeks which remain, and then come home to my good warm chamber. Will not this do? I do not profess to know what is best, but thus it seems to me. My school-house is always warm when I go there, as first rate hands build the fire. I think exposure can be prevented almost entirely. The people here would all feel badly to have me leave.

I think that all the arguments I have advanced have considerable weight; perhaps more than you will readily see. Will you not wait a little while and see if I do not stop coughing? Mr. B. is going to Oberlin, and you can give him your answer. May the Lord direct you right.

Your afft. daughter,

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

22. Have shewn my letter to the school directors and their families, and all express the strongest desire to have me stay, and the hope and belief that my cough may be soon cured. 'They promise to do all they can for me, and to make my school duties and cares as light as possible. I have been talking with Mr. W., the pastor, about the religious interest in my school; he is much encouraged about it. My heart yearns over my dear pupils. O I do hope I may be permitted to remain. To be sure I am not very well; there is a little soreness under my shoulder-blade, and my cough is troublesome, though a little better just now, and I hope soon to be free from it. They do everything for me here which they think can be of service to me, and I *can* be very careful, and intend to be.

23. Very tired to-night. A quilting here; but I came in from school and sat down by Mrs. D. and talked with her as with mother. She is very kind and warm-hearted. There was a good deal of company about, but I lay down upon a settee and slept all the evening.

24. Very much better this morning. I did not know that I was so far from well as to admit of so much improvement. Mr. B. has been to O., has seen my parents, and brought me a note which says that I may stay a few days and watch my cough and other ailments carefully, writing them fully and freely as often as once in three or four days. This is better than nothing. I am to ride to and from school. The people here all think me better, and indeed I am. I hardly cough at all to-day.

25. The people are very kind indeed. My health is certainly better; I have a good appetite. I have been down with the girls to-day to the bank of the stream where they have a fine play-house, covered with evergreens and carpeted with moss. The stream is rapid, and at a little distance from them, rushes over a dam, so that they have pleasure for the ear as well as for the eye. A delightful place.

Have had my sympathies touched to-day for H., who has been ridiculed for her religion. I must pray for her more. What a debt of gratitude I owe my Heavenly Father for the countless blessings which have always fallen to *my* lot.

26. A better school than usual. Have been talking with K.—am anxious about her soul, but have hope for her. My health continues better. My cough is not troublesome.

27. A delightful Sabbath. I am really happy. Mr. Wright preached from the jailer's words—"What shall I do to be saved?" He appeared more deeply interested than ever. What can I do in return for so many blessings? I almost fear I am not living so near the Savior as when I was less blessed in outward circumstances. Then I felt deeply the necessity of his presence, and really lived in constant thought of him and prayer to him. He has not been quite so much in my thoughts lately. I fear I have grieved Christ by attributing in my feelings (not in my thoughts) too much of the religious interest here to my own influence. O, I must keep low. I have just made a new consecration of myself to Christ.

One more of the older members of my school, as I conversed with her to-day, wept and expressed her desire to become a Christian. O, that all the people here would keep the Sabbath as it ought to be kept. Have had a good deal of pain in my ear.

28. Thanks to my Heavenly Father for improved health. O, for converting grace among my scholars. All power is in Christ.

LETTER TO S. P.

SHEFFIELD, Jan. 28.

DEAR SARAH—

Though unanswered letters lie before me, and I remember that you are yet my debtor, still I feel inclined to write you to-night. I have thought much lately of you and of last winter's scenes. How nearly *one* we were. Walked to church together, to our dear Sabbath-school, and at night, after our day's toil, always together in our room, rejoicing in each other's joy and sympathizing in each other's sorrow. Do you love to think of it as well as I do? How I long to hear from you—to know your heart. Have you any trials now-a-days? Are you ever lonely? I wish I had been a better sister to you when I had an opportunity. Did you receive my letter speaking of my going to Perrysburg to teach? I lived in suspense several days, ready and waiting for them to come after me, but they came not. In the mean time Judge Day from Sheffield wanted a teacher, so

here I am two-thirds through with a district school. It is a pleasant place and I have enjoyed it much. I was really homesick for a week, but the first letters from home dispelled all gloom. I have eight girls in my school who might be called young ladies. They study Watts on the mind, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, Kames' Elements, &c., &c. So you see my hands must be full with these studies added to advanced classes in Arithmetic and all the common branches. But Christ has given me strength, and indeed he has mercifully inclined the hearts of the people to be satisfied with my school. One of my scholars I think is really converted, others I hope are convicted. O how lovingly kind our Heavenly Father is. He is showering countless blessings in my pathway; and I know not how to be grateful enough.

Our people have been so much concerned about a cough which has troubled me some, that they sent for me to come home directly; but I plead off, and am now here only on probation. If my health improves I shall probably stay. I could not bear the thought of leaving my school in present circumstances,

and so near through. However it raised quite a stir in my district, and brought out many expressions of affectionate regard which were peculiarly grateful. Do write me soon, and may Heaven's richest blessings be yours, is the prayer of

Your afft.

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

Jan. 9. Accompanied some of the young people across the river upon a visit. We went on horseback to the river, then took a boat and passed through a tunnel. A fine time, but rather exciting. The company sung most of the time, but I could not. Returned at nine o'clock.

30. Was invited to the Ridge this evening, but Mr. D. said he should not let me go, though if it was really pleasant weather, and I could see my father or mother by going out, he would not object. Staid at home and M. H. and I had a season of prayer for the other girls. Wrote some and slept in my chair a while.

31. All has passed pleasantly in my school to-day. I have been happy and even joyful

in my soul. Have labored some for the good of souls. I must not let the girls rest till they give their hearts to the Savior.

Feb. 1. After tea to-night accompanied several of the girls to Mr. W.'s, at his request, for religious conversation and prayer. One or two of them do not see, as they need to, their dreadful guilt in withholding their affections from the Savior. Returned rather tired. Feel as though I should enjoy a week of perfect rest.

2. I am so anxious about the religious interests of the girls, that it is a constant care. I feel pretty well, only much fatigued.

3. Mr. B. took us all to meeting. Mr. W. preached to the impenitent. An inquiry meeting is to be held on 'Thursday evening. Another of my girls is hopefully converted. I hope and pray that it may be a thorough work. Tears of joy relieved my full heart when I learned the fact.

4. Have had the toothache severely to-day. but am not very tired.

5. 'Toothache continually. A restless night and an uncomfortable day.

6. My school has been more difficult to manage to-day than usual, but I have cast all my care upon the Lord. Received two good letters.

7. School pleasant to-day. Retired immediately after supper, had my face poulticed and enjoyed a good rest.

8. A happy day in school. Feel better than I have for many days. I receive all possible attention and kindness. At five o'clock attended a meeting for prayer at Mr. W.'s. Four of my school girls now profess to have given their hearts to the Savior. But they have to meet with some scoffers. May they have faith, humility, and wisdom. O, how I need wisdom myself. And I remember it is written, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God," &c.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

February 8.

DEAREST MOTHER—

Your letter, which I should have received on Monday, did not arrive until Wednesday—but it was truly welcome when it did come, and could not have been more so at any other time,

for that was one of the hardest days I have had in school. One of my best boys had been ugly that day, and almost all seemed possessed with a desire to make themselves as troublesome as possible. That letter seemed a blessing dropped directly from Heaven. Have attended a prayer-meeting at Mr. Wright's, for ladies only, this afternoon. The converts appear well, and I think are growing in grace. There is a good deal of seriousness in the minds of many. I believe the Spirit of God is still working here. It was especially evident last night when Mr. W. spoke in the Bible class as, I am sure, he of himself never could have done.

Last week I had the toothache almost constantly and it made me feel miserably, but it is entirely gone now. Indeed I am feeling pretty well. I wish father and you would come out here before I leave. My friends here would give you a cordial welcome, and I cannot tell you how glad I should be. Why, I have really expected you. Whenever a really pleasant day comes I think of it and give the stove a little extra brushing and charge the girls to sweep clean. Two weeks from Wednesday I suppose you will see in your own house

Your own daughter,

HELEN.

JOURNAL.

Feb. 9. How thankful I am to be free from pain. I talked with A. at noon, and gave him a slip of paper with references to certain texts of scripture which speak of the doom of the wicked, and urged him to read them and reflect seriously upon them. He promised to read them. O that the Lord would search his heart. I have lately realized, more fully than ever before, the amazing littleness of everything brought forward as an excuse for sin.

Nothing can exceed the kindness shewn me by Mr. D.'s family.

10. Sabbath. Have attended meeting to-day, but am sorry for the manner in which I spent the time while at home. I read the Bible, the Oberlin Evangelist and Baxter's sermons, and enjoyed them much; but something I met with in the latter convinced me that I ought to have improved the time in conversing with the girls upon personal religion. I can read after I return home; but cannot then have access to these precious souls. I find one of them has been longing and hoping for an interview with me all day. Had I known it

at the time, I would have given up my reading at once. I must not live another day without more prayer. I have been asking God to shew me any iniquity there may be in my heart, and cleanse it out; and he has manifested himself almost to my sight.

11. Received letters from mother, Mr. K. and Lucy, and have written two or three myself.

12. I have some anxieties about the young converts. Have carried their case to God.

13. Staid after school to oversee and aid in cleaning the school-house. Had a trial connected with it, in which I now think I spoke rather unkindly. Had a real crying spell, and could hardly eat supper. My heart aches when I think of it. I did not *feel* unkindly, but was careless in my manner of speaking.

14. A very pleasant school. I have been more kind and careful. Took a sleigh-ride in the evening, and enjoyed it much.

15. The days are passing rapidly. Soon I shall be at home. The term will commence and I do not wish to be absent from the first recitation.

16. Last evening I was greatly oppressed with a sense of my short-comings. The idea is painful, that I might have been much more useful if I had been more zealous. But I carried it to the long-suffering Savior, and really trusted in him to forgive me, and give me strength to be faithful in future. He then shewed me his reconciled countenance, and I became as happy as I could be. Now I must remember that only one week more remains in which I can labor directly for souls here.

Have had some headache to-day, but feel some better since supper. How I do enjoy Mrs. D.'s company. She seems to me almost like a mother. Have received some presents from her and am thankful.

17. Sabbath. A happy day. Attended meeting and Bible Class. In the evening prayed with —— and ——, but they laughed. I still feel a little concerned about some of the converts. There is power enough in the gospel of Christ. I do intend to be faithful the coming week.

18. O my cup of blessings runneth over. Brother C. and sisters J., S. and M. arrived at

my school-house about noon and made me a short and sweet visit. They have now returned. How can I thank my God enough for this blessing!

19. Have felt very much tried respecting some things I have learned about two of my dear girls. I talked with one of them. She wept and so did I. O I long for her soul. The Lord is giving me the greatest of all blessings, even his presence. How kind he is to me. I shall love to labor for him in Oberlin when I get there. But I begin to dread leaving these dear people here.

23. Have had very comfortable and pleasant times for the three or four days in which I have not written, and I have to-day closed my school for the winter. Have talked with the children, distributed some little love-tokens and witnessed some tears. Have just prepared my report.

24. Have felt very unwell, but happy in Christ. Attended Bible Class in the evening.

25. Bid good bye to Sheffield. Mr. D. accompanied me to Elyria, where I took the stage. Was happy enough to reach home. Attended meeting in the evening. Very inter-

esting indeed. O that Sheffield people could hear what I heard. A protracted meeting has been for some time in progress here.

26. Attended meeting in the morning and again in the evening. Received some calls. Perhaps I shall teach a class in the Institution the coming term. Should love to, if I can honor God in it.

28. This is the day of fasting and prayer for colleges. Mother preferred not to have me go out in the rain, as I am not well. So I arranged father's books, read and prayed. Feel dull and sleepy, and have the headache. Love Josephine more and more. At three o'clock all the young ladies met Mrs. Hopkins, our new Principal. She was introduced by Mrs. Gates, who made very appropriate remarks. She requested us above all things else, to uphold Mrs. H. by our prayers; said she knew in her own experience, the value of this kind of sympathy. We were much pleased with Mrs. H.

March 1. I am very happy in Christ. Have been to him as a poor, needy being, and asked him for a great many blessings, which I am almost sure he will bestow. Went to the

meeting in the morning and found it exceedingly interesting. Every one who spoke advanced some valuable idea which I wished to remember and use for my own spiritual good. What a work God is doing here! Expecting Mr. K. here at two o'clock, I retired for prayer first. I prayed earnestly that our conversation might be just what Christ would have it. I want to realize that we are not alone, but that there is a third One present, a great and perfect Being, even Jesus Christ. My prayers were in some measure answered, my faith in God was strengthened and my spiritual zeal quickened. Mr. K. spoke of Rom. 5: 20: "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." How much grace I should have if I had obtained it in proportion to my transgressions! We can have this grace from Christ. Let me think more of Heaven—of the inheritance prepared for me, if faithful to the end. It will be a cheering view, and also a great incentive to action. How elevating the idea that I am to prepare myself for the society of angels!

Received calls from two or three ladies, but did not speak enough of Jesus to them. I

might have given strong testimony to the goodness of God. When shall I be wise?

2. Attended an excellent meeting in the morning. Have prayed earnestly to-day for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, so that I might uniformly possess a meek and humble mind. My friend L. sent for me to come and spend the afternoon with her. I went with prayer and faith. I wanted to be a blessing to her soul. We had very interesting conversation and prayer together. I returned very tired.

3. Sabbath. A storm prevented my attending morning service. I read the Bible, Oberlin Evangelist and missionary papers. I prayed that God would give me just such views of myself as I needed, in order to prepare me for a rich blessing. In the afternoon the communion was very precious to me. I devoted myself anew to God with earnest prayer for a great blessing, and for ability to stand on higher ground than ever before; and O, this my suit must be pressed with such earnestness as to admit of no denial. O how unworthy I am! and yet this very sense of unworthiness I fear arises more from the low opinion that I think others must have of me, than from a sense of

my ill desert before God. Is there really pride in my heart, which needs to be humbled? O that the Lord would search my heart thoroughly. I do not feel very well, and have been chilly all day. What a confinement a cough is, when watched over by a careful mother.

5. Our studies for this term have been assigned. Came home and made some little improvement in my wardrobe, and spent some hours with mother and Josephine. Received one or two calls. At night found I had some light words to repent of.

6. 'This morning, prevailed upon father to consent to my attending a reading class, in addition to my studies. Have been to my recitations, attended one meeting * * * and *wasted one hour*. Feel quite unwell.

In one particular to-day I took a wrong course, because I was not in a state of mind just then to look to Jesus for direction. When I saw how it was, I took it to him, confessing that I had sinned, but even that did not melt my heart. I felt it somewhat, but did not shed a tear. "A heart of stone is mine," said I to myself, but I will take it, hard as it is, to the feet of Jesus. I had prayed awhile, and I

believe said Amen, when a kind of stupor came over me, and I knelt some time, in a state I cannot describe. I think if I were to attempt to tell anyone about my state of mind, I should grieve Christ by trying to excuse myself. I have a good many causes for humility, and am getting low in my own estimation, but this feeling, I fear, does not arise from a sense of having grieved the heart of the Savior, but from the fact that my defects are visible to human eyes. What shall I do? Who shall deliver me? What is my standing before God? Surely, I am consecrated to him, but O how I need to have my spiritual strength renewed! I should like to open my heart to Mr. K., but fear I should take pride in something I should say. I have no confidence to open my mouth to any body upon any subject.

7. Last evening before I retired, God let in the light of his countenance upon me again. In prayer Christ kept Satan back from me. My heart became tender, tears of grief fell, and the cloud cleared away. To-day he has kept temptation at a distance, and I am happy—rejoicing in Christ. Shall I ever doubt again? I pray for faith. O that I could labor for God; that he would show me what he has

for me to do. I am ready for any work.

10. Since I wrote last, much has transpired which might have been noted down. After the happiness above expressed, another dark cloud came over me. Satan had me in his power wonderfully. On Sabbath evening I made my case known to father, and, after our interview, felt somewhat relieved, and trusted in Christ. On Tuesday I made some calls, studied some, and became very tired. Took a little medicine and was dizzy and sick.

Wednesday, father and mother informed me that I must go to no more recitations at present. The Dr. has been called, and I have commenced taking medicine. My lungs are sore, my cough bad, and my pulse high.

19. Last Sabbath I spent in reading, thinking and sleeping. Felt very badly. At evening God shewed me that I had come home from Sheffield very high-minded indeed, and that my proud heart needed humbling, and now I am glad to submit to his chastisement. I see his hand in it all and am satisfied, for he knows just what I need, and his heart is one of love. I thought I could get well when I pleased, but I perceive my mistake. For two days past I have felt very weak and have mostly kept my room.

CHAPTER XV.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

WHEN Helen returned home she seemed much surprised to find her parents so apprehensive of serious illness, and insisted that nothing more was necessary to her restoration than freedom from care, and opportunity to resume her former simple diet and habits of life; and assured them that they would soon see her well as ever, even if no restraints were laid upon her.

These assurances, added to her evident buoyancy of spirits, partially deceived her parents for a time, though they watched every symptom and guarded every avenue to exposure, as far as lay in their power, entirely forbidding her going out evenings.

So hopeful and so sincere were her expectations of health, that she could by no means be persuaded to defer commencing her studies at the appointed time.

Thus matters went on for two or three weeks, until one night as she came in about tea-time, her mother perceived she was much exhausted and apparently very ill, and upon inquiry, found that she had been making several calls and walking more than usual. Her strength seemed all gone and her features sunken and languid. All took the alarm, and studying, teaching, attending meetings, and everything akin to them, were at once strictly prohibited; the family physician was summoned the next morning, who after examining her symptoms, assured her parents confidentially that her case was a dark one. He soon called in the counsel of two other skilful physicians, and with their approbation, entered upon a course of treatment which afforded relief from some of the most aggravated symptoms of disease, and she lingered on through the spring months, sometimes better and sometimes worse, until a physician of some eminence—a brother of her deceased mother—arrived from New England by request of the father, and for a few weeks took the charge of her case. His views of her disease and the requisite treatment coinciding with that of her

attending physicians, no material changes were made.

During all this time, her mind was in a remarkable state. Her hopes and expectations of recovery were still strong, but her love of divine things seemed to wane. Temptation had more power over her, she lost her relish for prayer, and the Bible was mostly neglected for other books, and the Savior seemed to hide his face.

All this was not fully known at the time, but at length she made it known to her sister J., that she was in great darkness of mind, and had no present evidence of her acceptance with God. Occasionally she would partially open her heart to her mother, but rather inclined to keep her feelings concealed. She wrote nothing at this time in her journal, though not prevented during the summer and autumn by feebleness. Indeed, about the month of June she began to amend, and hope again revived in the hearts of her friends. In the month of August, at the annual College Commencement, she was able to attend some of the public exercises; and in September officiated as bride's

maid at her sister J.'s second marriage, which took place in the church.

LETTER TO HER GRANDMOTHER.

OBERLIN, Aug. 16, 1850.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER—

Your letter which we received this morning was truly welcome. I cannot tell you how many times, as the mail has arrived, I have said, O, I hope there is a letter from grandmother. We are all sorry you have had so much solicitude about my health, but I will tell you about it now. When the warm weather commenced, I began to gain strength, though I was not in reality better. That was about the time father was contemplating a tour to Germany. But the physicians thought it possible that the disease might make so rapid progress as that I might not live till fall, and he of course relinquished the idea. Since then the course of medicine I have pursued has benefitted me, and we have now no hesitation in saying I am *better*. I have little or no pain, have an excellent appetite, am able to walk about the garden, and within a few days *have*

walked up stairs several times; though usually I am *carried* up. A day or two ago I rode out to a friend's, fourteen miles distant, without injury. I am about as proud of my exploits as a little child.

I do not regard my present comfortable health as proof that I shall recover entirely, but I receive it gratefully, as a blessing from the hand of my Heavenly Father. I often think it is in answer to the prayers of my friends, that God so restrains pain and suffering. I have much to thank him for, and among other things, I thank him for your love and sympathy. I feel that the future is uncertain, but all will be well. As a lady remarked to me the other day, "We have a God too good to be unjust, and too wise to make a mistake." I often think I may soon meet my dear mother in the bright world above. It was very kind in Uncle B. and Aunt S. to come and spend so much time here; I enjoyed it very much.

Yours with much love, HELEN.

About this time, she writes thus to her friend C. P.:

OBERLIN, Oct. 1, 1850.

Why, dearest Clara, should you feel less

sure of my sympathy and love than formerly? I can see no reason. My love for the one you speak of, can never lessen my love for you by one heart-throb or one kind feeling. One interferes not at all with the other. I have been proud of your friendship and love. I have been *satisfied* to sit by you, to walk with you and talk with you. Many a time I have wished I could always live with you. Really, there has been more *romantic* devotedness in my attachment to you, than to any other person. What a pity I had not known before I took the fatal step, that I should forfeit your confidence. But, seriously, Clara, you may dismiss your fears. "Enough of this," you say, and so do I.

I have just bid Lucy good-bye. She has left town with her father's family to-day, for Cleveland. Josephine is now Mrs. Bateham, and at present in Cincinnati. Minerva is Mrs. Arnold and on her way to a foreign mission field, and Charles having married and gone into a home of his own, I am really quite alone. My health is about as good as when I saw you last—perhaps a little better. But I make haste slowly. Writing tires me, so I do very little

of it. There is some talk of my going South the coming winter. I want letters from you very much. My friends are many of them going away, and I have no ability to make more.

With love, your

HELEN.

She continued to gain slowly, though at no time free from a cough, until near the middle of October, when she again relapsed, a regular hectic fever became established, her lungs grew more inflamed and sore, tubercles formed in them and discharged frequently, her strength waned, and her sick room was changed from an upper to a lower one, where her mother could attend to her wants personally.

Again she writes to C. P., as follows:

OBERLIN, Nov. 6, 1850.

MY DEAR CLARA—

Your letter is received. I wish you were here to spend the evening with me. I would tell you of my joys and sorrows, and receive your sympathy and kind words in return. I am not low-spirited, but I have a new discouragement to encounter. Two weeks ago last

Sabbath I was taken more unwell, and am now quite down again. Have chills and fever, and increased cough. I feel it the more deeply, having had my hopes raised so high this fall. Now they are dashed to the earth and struggling for life. Really, I do not know what the probabilities for my life and health are. I think I have no will of my own about it, but there is trial connected with it. I have been almost entirely useless for eight months. Don't think that I complain or repine. I am willing to endure anything which my Heavenly Father ordains, but when I see others walking about in health and strength, I cannot but feel the difference. I would write more if I felt able. I feel very lonely without Josephine, you may be sure. Do send me letters often.

Your own afft.

HELEN.

Her hopes of ultimate recovery were still bright, but her anxiety about her spiritual state had become constant and sometimes intense. She now opened her heart fully to her mother. Her views of her own guilt in departing from God were clear, vivid and soul-humbling, and confession seemed to pour out of her heart like

water out of a fountain. She appeared never to be satisfied with self-condemnation. She dated the beginning of her departure from God in March, soon after her return from school; said she remembered feeling a little envious when she saw each one occupying some post of usefulness in that precious revival, while she saw nothing for herself to do which would help forward the work; and having been all winter engaged more or less in such labors, she became lifted up with pride, and thus fell into the condemnation of the devil.

It was deeply affecting as well as instructive, day by day, to hear her confessions of sin and watch her struggles against temptation. She said her former ill temper, unkind spirit, and indeed all the wicked feelings she used to have before conversion, came trooping back upon her in the form of temptation which it seemed almost impossible to resist. Occasionally, for a little time she would get a glimpse of Christ's forgiving love, fix her eye of faith upon him, and enjoy his presence; and again all would be shrouded in darkness. She spent a great deal of time in prayer, and wished to hear no conversation except upon religious subjects.

She was not confined to her room, but walked about the house when she felt strong enough, and at other times was carried in her easy chair. She was strictly and perseveringly regular in her hours of rising, retiring, eating, bathing, &c., and at eight o'clock in the evening, uniformly retired to her own room, accompanied by her mother, who prepared her for rest, listened to an account of her state of mind through the day, engaged in prayer for her, repeated to her such of the precious promises of the word of God as seemed adapted to her case, and then with a good-night kiss, and lifting her heart to the great Shepherd of Israel who neither slumbers nor sleeps, retired to her own apartments, leaving Helen in the care of a younger sister during the night.

During the autumn and early part of the winter, she usually enjoyed quiet rest at night, seldom coughing, or needing anything till morning. Often she would remark to her mother in the morning, "O what a blessing it is to enjoy rest of body and mind through the nights; but when the mornings come, I wake but to renew these dreadful conflicts; and when will they have an end?" She expressed no

doubt as to her final salvation from sin and hell, but her present conflicts with the adversary of souls were fearful. She was almost constantly subject to powerful temptations, not to any outbreking iniquity, but to heart-sins, all of which she resisted, sometimes overcoming and at other times falling. "O," she would say, "Mother, Satan will have me." "No, my child, he *will not*. He doubtless desires to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but let not your faith fail. Christ has loved you with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness has he drawn you, and his power is equal to his love, for 'he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him;' and more than that, has said, 'My Father who gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.'"

"That is enough, mother, enough." And then her soul stayed itself on God until sufficient strength was obtained to go through with another conflict with that "roaring lion."

To attempt to give an adequate idea of these affecting interviews, from eight to nine in the evening, would be a hopeless task; but the

mother felt that, all unseen by mortal eye was One whose presence made it holy ground, and who just made use of her memory and tongue to administer the consolations of his gospel to that suffering child, while his eye watched the brightening gold in the crucible with all the love of his infinite heart. At length he saw his own image reflected, and the fires were withdrawn.

God in great love and condescension blessed the feeble instrumentalities used, and as Helen's eagerly listening ear drank in the slowly articulated words, "And I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it," she asked with childlike simplicity, "Is this mine, mother? *May it be mine?*" "Yes, Helen, it may be just as much yours as though your Savior was here in the flesh and spoke it to you." "O I will, I do believe. *Jesus will preserve me blameless.* O what forgiving love! What a mighty Savior! I will rest under the shadow of his wing."

The next morning, in answer to her mother's inquiry, she said, "In perfect peace—my soul

stayed on God." When her father entered the room she calmly told him the Lord had put a new song into her mouth which she wanted to sing forever, and enquired if he really believed such perfect rest in Christ might be permanent. The natural and ready reply was, "Fear not, only believe. Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." He assured her that the provisions of the gospel were abundantly adequate, and that, according to her faith, so it would be unto her. At evening she testified thus—"Satan has not troubled me at all this day. He can't find me, for I am hid in Christ."

Her physical strength was at this time greatly reduced, but her spiritual strength was renewed day by day. Her conflicts with her great adversary were past—eternally past. She had occasionally seasons of great heaviness and sorrow of heart for a very dear brother; at that time and for five years afterward, out of Christ. Upon this point too, she at length had rest—Christ having, as she expressed it, taken the load off from her heart. It is not known that she ever again, except in a single instance, felt a sense of condemnation,

and then it was but for a moment, though she lived nearly four months longer.

The occasion referred to was when two or three young ladies of her acquaintance had called upon her, and her mother took the opportunity while they were present to leave the room and attend to some of her domestic cares. When she heard them leave, she returned and found Helen in tears, and enquiring into the cause — “O mother,” said she, sobbing audibly, “I have grieved the Savior!” “Is it possible? How could you do it?” asked her mother. “I will tell you all about it,” said she. “When the ladies came in, I thought it would honor God if I were to say a few words to them about the great salvation, and I resolved to do so soon. But other subjects were introduced and they took the lead in conversation, as I am so weak you know I cannot talk much, but I thought I would introduce it very soon; yet finally, I did not, and they bade me good-bye, and left; and I was sure the Savior turned away his face and was grieved.” “But,” said her mother, “Christ will forgive you if you are penitent.” “O, I know it,” said she, “he has done it already, but I cannot forgive myself.”

As she grew more and more feeble, she lost in a remarkable degree, the use of the ordinary language in which she had been accustomed to converse, and had only, at her command, the simple words of childhood. She was sensible of it, though she rarely alluded to it. At one time she enquired of her mother if she observed her hesitation in speaking with some ladies who had called upon her, and added that she supposed they attributed it to shortness of breath, but it was really only a forgetfulness of words. "But," said she, "I am thankful for it, as it serves to keep me humble."

She seemed to live and float in a sea of love. Many a time, as her mother bent over her, arranging her pillows, or assisting her to rise, or lie down, she would whisper out, "O, how I love Jesus!" Or, "No one ever can know how dearly I love my Savior." Upon one occasion she asked, "Does this sound like cant? I remember the time when I should have thought so. But it is not cant. It is a blessed reality. I feel it in my soul." Her very breath seemed to be prayer and praise.

In the latter part of the winter, her step-

sister J., then living in Columbus, came to spend a few days at her old home, and look again upon the face of that dear one, with whom she was for so long a time intimately associated. Helen had for some time been suffering much from chills and fever, cough and pain, but in anticipation of this visit, she said, "I have been asking the Lord to relieve my pains while Josephine is here, so that I can enjoy her visit, and I am almost sure he will do it, for I have no will about it, and only asked it if it could be granted without injury to any other interests." And according to her belief, so it proved; for the very day of J.'s arrival, and indeed every day till she left, her distress of every kind was much abated; she could sit in her chair or recline upon a lounge with the family and enjoy social converse; she rested well at night, arose much refreshed in the morning, and enjoyed comparative ease and comfort through the day. But the day J. left for Columbus, Helen's fever returned again with greater violence, and her other ailments were aggravated.

During the month of March her bodily sufferings increased considerably; she was obliged

to have watchers at night; her limbs became greatly swollen, discolored and painful, and it was with great difficulty that she could step at all, though she was still able occasionally, upon pleasant days, to be taken out in a carriage. The last time she rode out was in the latter part of March. The ground was frozen and rough, and her mother feared it would prove too much for her, but yielded to Helen's earnest desire to go, only cautioning Henry not to drive down Main Street which was very rough, and then watching them from her window to see how severe the exercise appeared, she had the trial of seeing them turn directly down the forbidden street, wondering what it could mean, but rather supposing they found the road smoother than was anticipated. The sequel, however, proved that she rode out that day, and in that particular direction, that she might select from the bookstore, a fine polyglott Bible as a parting love-token, to be presented to her mother on her approaching birth-day, the 4th of April. On that birthday she walked to the table for the last time, that she might enjoy her mother's surprise at finding the Bible and some other gifts at her plate upon the table.

Her last effort at writing too, was in that doubly precious Bible.

We will here make an extract from an article written by her father and published in the Oberlin Evangelist two weeks after her death.

“During these last months of her life, the Bible read by herself or listened to as read or repeated by others, was her spiritual bread. It supplanted almost all other reading — all but the most spiritual books. An early taste for amusing literature was thoroughly crucified, or rather displaced; for nothing so ravished her heart as God’s precious truths.

A book she read about this time, entitled “Riches of Grace,” in which were recorded the religious experiences of eminent Christians, raised in her mind a new difficulty. “I find,” said she, “that those whose experience is recorded there, had great excitements of mind. They had thrilling emotions and overwhelming views of truth. Besides, they knew the moment the Savior revealed himself to them. Such is not the case with me. I have had no great excitements. All I have done is simply to trust Christ very calmly.” The reply which seemed appropriate was this: All minds are

not alike in regard to being susceptible of strong emotions. Those cases were selected in part because they were striking in this particular respect. But the Lord must give you the physical powers of health and indeed another brain, before you could either have or endure so much emotion. But you need to consider that emotion is not *faith*, nor is it necessarily *love*. 'The Lord will bless your simple faith, if, like a feeble child as you are, you put your trust entirely and fearlessly in him.' Under these views her difficulties disappeared. Victory was now her daily song.

We might speak of her humility. "I wish," said she, "that in some way the world could know how vile a sinner I have been, that they might appreciate the riches of the Savior's grace to me. I rejoice to think that the universe will one day see it, and that God will then be glorified in it; and I wish it might be proper to tell it to my friends and all the world *now*. They do not know how wicked a girl I have been, and hence cannot see, as I do, how great the Savior's grace has been to me."

Through the tribulation of immense suffering, it pleased the Lord to mature her graces

and ripen her piety for heaven. It was often affecting, between paroxisms of pain and in the whispers of weakness, to hear her say, "Not worthy to be compared—not worthy to be compared." That beautiful and pregnant passage of Paul, Rom. 8 : 18, had become so familiar to her that a few of its words suggested the consoling sentiment.

More than once, being observed to be in great pain, and allusion being made to it, she said, "I have to make constant use of the love of Christ to bear such pain." Yet under all these sufferings, her constant thought was, "God sees how much I need pain. I will thank him for his precious discipline, given me in faithful love on earth. When I have suffered all that my case needs, I shall be taken sweetly home."

On one of her feeble mornings, she said—"I have been suffering exceedingly." "But," said her mother, "Jesus has been with you, has he not, Helen?" "Mother, I am *in* Him," was the emphatic reply.

In this state of unbroken calmness she passed the closing weeks of her life. It was not fitful, but steady and enduring. It was not a gush of

emotion, but the placid, rational, intelligent conviction of Bible truth, and the unclouded apprehension of a Savior's love. It was heaven *in* the soul, presaging a heaven *for* the soul, whenever the frail tent of clay should be struck for removal. It was victory here, the earnest of victory there, and victory forever. We cannot say that her joy often rose to rapture. The great weakness of her physical powers, at no time excited by stimulants, seemed almost to forbid rapturous emotion. Yet in a few instances, when alone with her mother, and with no external causes of excitement, she broke out, "O, I cannot tell you how happy I am in God. If I had strength I should want to clap my hands and shout. My soul is absolutely *full* of joy, like the joy of Heaven."

But usually her attitude of mind was calm. Her mind's eye saw not angels hovering round, as may be the case with some. Hers seemed fixed on Jesus only. Weeks before her death some one said, "You must have many pleasant anticipations of seeing your sainted mother, and many other dear friends, already in heaven. "I so long to see Jesus," replied she, "that it

will be a long time before I shall think of looking for any one else."

One very remarkable instance of answer to prayer merits a record. Near the latter end of April, it became evident to her as to others, that the time of her departure was at hand, and she expressed a strong desire for one more interview with her sister J.; but circumstances seemed at the time to forbid it. The 3d of May was the time set for J. and her husband to leave home upon a tour of a few months in Europe. They could at that time stop for a day or two at Oberlin, but not sooner, and it seemed to all impossible that Helen could survive until that time. She saw how it was, and made it a subject of prayer for a little time, and then said to her mother, "The Lord *will* let me live to see J. Only think of his goodness. I did not *urge* it at all, but only told him how much it would rejoice me if I might see her yet again, and the interview be turned to his glory; and asked him to preserve my life till that time, if he saw that he *could so use it*; and he gave his loving assent. O I *shall* live to see her. Does it seem to you impossible? Christ is

able. How many days will it be?" "Eleven," was the reply.

It did indeed *seem* impossible. The physicians assured the friends that she was liable to drop away at any moment, and very often she was at the point of strangulation from the sudden discharge of an abscess in the lungs. But her confidence in the expected blessing faltered not. Again and again she would ask, "How many days will it be?" and she would smile and nod assent, as she was answered, seven, five, or two, as the case might be.

On Friday night, the 2d of May, it seemed to all present that the hour for her release had come. Her parents, who had lain down to get a little rest, were roused to hear that Helen could not get her breath. They rushed to her room, and found her gasping for breath and in great agony. She reached one hand to her father and the other to her mother, while her eyes looked imploringly first upon one and then upon the other. Relief was sought in vain from windows and fans. "Take her in your arms, Henry," said the mother to that affectionate brother whose ever watchful eye and ear were on the alert for opportunities of

administering aid to his beloved sister. He did so in an instant, and the effect was, such a discharge from the lungs as threatened instant death, but which ended in relief.

At this time, in addition to unmistakable symptoms of gangrened lungs, she had cold extremities, clammy sweat and the usual symptoms of immediate dissolution. But when able to speak, she assured those about her that she should live till Josephine's arrival, which was expected the next day. The morning at length dawned, and she still lived. During the day she was able only occasionally, to swallow a teaspoonful of cold water, for which she constantly longed. Her mind wandered some, and she would whisper out, "Josephine," or "cold water," but when roused up, would say, "These two words are all mixed up in my mind."

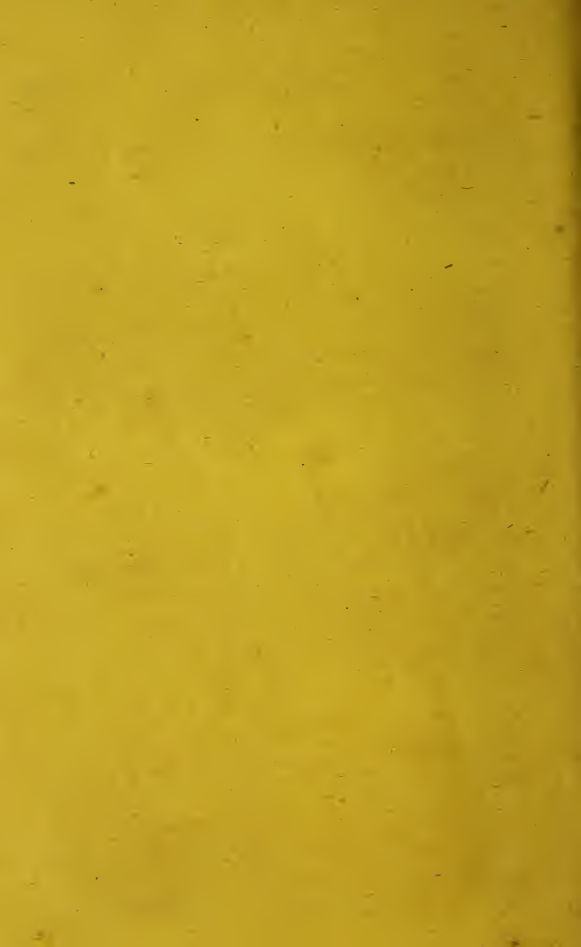
J.'s arrival was communicated to her as gently as possible, and when they met, she manifested no emotions but those of love and gratitude. As J. took her bloodless and emaciated hand in hers, and was moved to tears, she raised her other hand to wipe them away,

saying, "Not a tear, Josephine, not a tear; I *want* to go home."

Nearly thirty hours longer she lingered on the shores of time, sometimes conversing with J., with her parents or Mr. K., who was constantly watching near her; sometimes communing with God, and sometimes resting, until late in the evening of the Sabbath, when the precious Savior in whom she trusted, led her through the deep waters of Jordan into the haven of Eternal rest.







57577

050477

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 898 788 6